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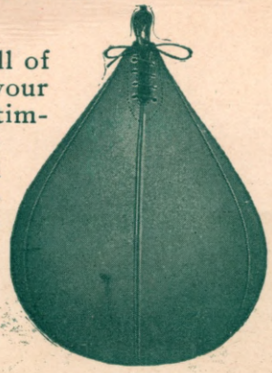

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Vol. 6 No. 12

World's Foremost

The RING

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PR

The Ring is a magazine which a man can take home with him. He can leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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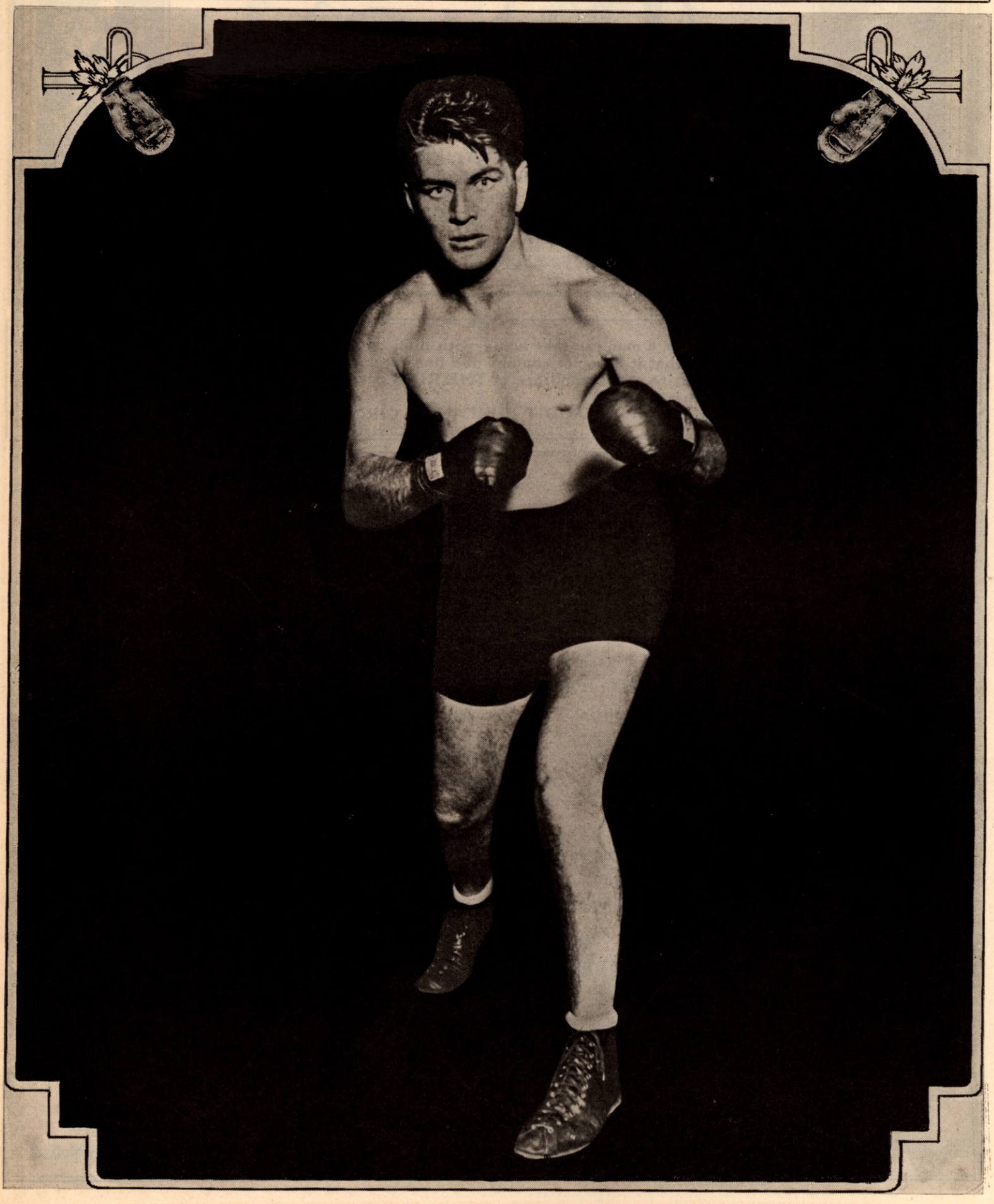
Greetings from the Champion



Gene Tunney, world's heavyweight title holder, extends the compliments of the season to the patrons of boxing.

"The Light of Christmas Morn"

by

NORMAN DALY

THE Christmas Chimes Ring Out and Sound
The Farewell of the Year,
And Fighting Men Now Gather Round
And Bring with Them Good Cheer;
World Titles Are Forgotten Then,
And Hearts Are Not Forlorn;
And Those Who Lost Just Smile Again
On Merry Christmas Morn.

THE Welcome Snow at Christmas-tide
Falls Shining from the Skies;
While Rivals O'er the Nation Wide
Discard Their Jealous Guise.
And Battle-Scarred Old Fighters Who
Have Had Their Titles Shorn
Are Wishing Well to Champions New
On Gladsome Christmas Morn.

'TWAS When the World Was Waxing Old,
And Night on Bethlehem Lay,
The Shepherds Saw the Skies Unfold
A Light Beyond the Day.
Such Glory Now Is Visited,
And Men of Might and Brawn
Have Dropped Their Gloves of Gory Red
To Welcome Christmas Morn.

THOSE Three Wise Men, How Blest Were They
To See the Star So Clear,
To Know That in His Cradle Lay
The Blessed Babe So Dear.
And Now To-day Our Boxing Men,
Through Features Cut and Torn,
Look to the Babe of Bethlehem
On Holy Christmas Morn.

BEFORE His Infant Smile Afar
Were Driven the Hosts of Hell,
And Still in Souls That Childlike Are
His Guardian Love Shall Dwell;
O, Then Rejoice, Good Fighting Men,
Nor Be of Heart Forlorn;
December's Darkness Brings Again
The Light of Christmas Morn.

Record Crowds, Record Purses, Feature Year in Boxing: Heavyweights Again Dominate

By NAT FLEISCHER

DESPITE the handicaps under which it is forced to operate, despite the knocks and the attacks which it undergoes constantly, boxing keeps right on the road of success and progress in this country. After the great fight in which Gene Tunney took the world's heavyweight title from Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia, it was felt that 1926 had set a mark which would defy the efforts of 1927.

But 1927 outdid 1926. The outstanding development of the year was the remarkable contest in a remarkable setting on Soldier Field in Chicago—the second battle between Tunney and Dempsey. Gene defended the championship successfully in a ten round struggle which saw both of the disputants visit the canvas.

"Tex" Rickard recorded another great achievement in the promotion of this bout, which set new attendance and financial records. About 140,000 persons saw the fight, and paid close to $3,000,000 for the privilege.

Analysis of the development in Chicago emphasizes the tremendous hold which boxing has on the American public. To quote an advertisement, "Success such as this must be deserved."

Boxing's Inherent Qualities

OF course, a great deal of the success of an event such as that which Rickard put on at Chicago is traced to proper advertising, to proper development, to emphasizing the elements of human drama and human interest.

But boxing has inherent qualities which make it so powerful a magnet. And its power grows as the promoters adopt saner methods of doing business, as they adhere more closely to their expressed resolutions to do the best by the public.

The Tunney-Dempsey fight was the climax of one of the biggest years in the history of heavyweight competition. Contenders rose and fell. Foreign candidates came here to rally to the call for another opponent for Tunney, but when the smoke had cleared away it was found that the colorful Dempsey merited the chance.

The pre-climax of the heavyweight competition came in the Dempsey-Jack Sharkey fight before 80,000 persons in the Yankee Stadium in New York early in the Summer.

The tournament had been operated skilfully. Dempsey had declined to become a party to the preliminaries of the Rickard eliminations. He said he would wait for the semi-finals.

Sharkey Reaches Semi Finals

ALL winter the tourney raged in Madison Square Garden. Harry Persson of Sweden came along, and was shoved out of the picture. Knute Hansen was forced out. Monte Munn failed to make the grade. Arthur De Kuh was pummeled by Jimmy Maloney. Maloney developed into a real contender, but what a fall the Boston Boy had!

Jack Sharkey knocked him out in four rounds, sending Maloney to the heavyweight bone yard and raising Sharkey to the semi-finals, where Dempsey awaited him.

We all know what happened in the Dempsey-Sharkey fight. Sharkey fought an ill advised battle and in the seventh round was knocked out. There were claims of foul. But at this distance it was all for the best. It is doubtful if Sharkey would have made the fight which Dempsey made against Tunney. And Dempsey deserved another shot at Gene.

One of the foreign contenders who stood up was Tom Heeney. The New Zealander got the hang of American fistic method quickly. Phil Scott, the British champion, made his long promised visit to the United States and failed to go even one round with Knute Hansen although he later knocked out Monte Munn in the ninth. He may yet reach the heights—that remains to be seen.

Mike McTigue flashed for a while, but the year saw Mike go down the toboggan. He fought Mickey Walker, a lighter man, in Chicago and the middleweight champion, scaling only 162 pounds, knocked out the Gaelic veteran.

Loughran Becomes Champion

IN the light heavyweight section Jack Delaney, whose taking the title from Paul Berlenbach was one of the big events of eventful 1926, made a blunder. He got the heavyweight bug and turned in his championship to compete in the higher class. The fight with Maloney should have discouraged Delaney. But there he is, seeking a heavyweight shot, while Tommy Loughran sports the light heavyweight laurels. Delaney is waiting for a chance at the Heeney-Sharkey winner and if he gets by, as his clever manager, Pete Reilly, believes he will, then Delaney may be Tunney's next opponent.

Loughran took the title by winning fourteen out of fifteen rounds from Mike McTigue. Loughran's rise saved the class from absolute anaesthesia during the year. Tommy had been coming along for a number of years, rated as a slick boxer but not a very hard hitter. Now he has made the grade and he seems to be a worthy champion. But no Berlenbach-Delaney rivalry graces the division.

Walker's Startling Success

NOW for the middleweight section. The division had no startling developments in 1927. It was in 1926 that Mickey Walker took the championship from Tiger Flowers. Walker had lost the welter laurels to Latzo and it was thought that Mickey was on the downward path.

But Walker astonished the fistic world with his success against Flowers. There were innuendos after that contest. But Walker slashed them all away by doing what Loughran had failed to do—by knocking out McTigue in short order.

Harry Greb is being missed and missed badly. What a champion he was—in there fighting all the time, not picking his opponents and keeping the title in the limelight. That Walker intends to play safe, is evident by the fact he has been ignoring the leading contenders to meet men out of his division. George Courtney and Jack McVey may yet take Mickey's crown from him.

Dundee Takes Title

THE welter class got a new champion in the person of Joe Dundee. The Baltimore battler took the title away from Pete Latzo in a close, hard fight. Dundee had suffered a serious setback in a knockout by Joe Roberts, a boxer with no outstanding cleverness but with a terrific punch. Later, in New York, Dundee

avenged that defeat and raised himself back into the contending position.

Dundee is promised a lot of action for the coming year. One of those who insists on action is Ace Hudkins, whose development was one of the events of the ring year. Hudkins went along famously until he ran into Sergeant Sammy Baker in New York. The Sergeant smacked the Nebraskan plenty and the fight had to be stopped.

However, Hudkins got Baker out on the Coast and reversed the decision. This made the Ace a contender again.

THE lightweight class went to sleep in 1926. Sammy Mandell put it to sleep. The Illinois scrapper, who had relieved the aged Rocky Kansas of the title in 1926 fought many tough battles but not at the championship weight. He refused to risk the title

While the champion fought in the sticks, the class had to depend on contenders for excitement. Jimmy McLarnin came rushing into the limelight with a series of victories. Sid Terris, who had been on the shelf for some time because of managerial difficulties, started a new campaign and again emphasized his position as a contender.

Billy Wallace, who had lost to Terris, put Jackie Fields out of the running.

Of the field, McLarnin is the outstanding contender. He gained this position by knocking out Louis Kid Kaplan and winning from Billy Wallace.

Tod Morgan continued to reign among the junior lightweights, with no great action in that class.

Kaplan Quits Feathers

THE featherweight class went into a terrible mess when Louis Kid Kaplan turned in the title because of his increasing difficulties with the weight. Just now Benny Bass of Philadedphia is the outstanding boxer of that weight and he is getting general recognition as the champion.

Tony Canzoneri, who beat Johnny Dundee in a 15 round bout, disputes Bass' right to the featherweight crown and may shortly meet him to settle the question. Canzoneri is a good boy and he and Bass rank as the leaders.

In the bantam class Bud Taylor claims the title, but his claim is disputed by Teddy Baldock of England and Archie Bell. Bell has whipped every good boy at the weight in America except Kid Francis, who recently shaded him in a good bout in Madison Square Garden. It is said Bud cannot make the weight. If so, Kid Francis and Bell should be rematched, the winner to gain the American laurels.

Fidel La Barba turned in the flyweight championship in order to resume his studies. La Barba now is a college rah rah at Stanford on the Coast.

Heavies Overshadow Rest

IT will be seen that the heavyweight class completely overshadowed all the rest in American boxing in 1927.

It held the salient position abroad as well, though England treated itself to a little bantam flurry with the development of Ted Baldock, who had learned a lot in his campaign in the United States. The British claim the title for Baldock, but Teddy was recently whipped by Willie Smith, South African bantam champion who now is in this country seeking a bout with Taylor. Both Smith and Baldock were over the bantam limit when they fought. Other European fighters who did splendid work during the year were Jack Hood, welter champion; Alf Mancini, welter contender; Harry Corbett, featherweight; Henri Scilli, European feather champion; Johnny Curley, featherweight; Frank Moody, who beat Ted Moore for the middleweight crown; Johnny Hill, flyweight; Lew Harvey, welter; Pierre Charles, Belgian heavyweight champion; Petit Biquet, flyweight; Johnny Cuthbert and Spider Pladner of France.

Outstanding Developments of 1927 in Boxing

(Copyright, THE RING., INC., 1927—All rights reserved)

1—The record gate for a boxing match taken in at the Tunney-Dempsey fight—$2,668,660.

2—The "14" count knockdown of Gene Tunney by Jack Dempsey.

3—Retention of championship by Gene Tunney.

4—The remarkable comeback of Jack Dempsey.

5—The influx of foreign heavyweights.

6—Retirement of Fidel La Barba and Jack Delaney as flyweight and light heavyweight champions, respectively.

7—Mike McTigue's rejuvenation and his sudden downfall.

8—Mickey Walker's knockout of Tommy Milligan and Mike McTigue, the latter in two minutes and 15 seconds.

9—Sensational rise of Archie Bell, Tony Canzoneri, Corporal Izzy Schwartz, Jimmy McLarnin, Leo Lomski.

10—Deaths of Tiger Flowers, Young Corbett, Aurelia Herrera and Spider Kelly.

11—Collapse of Jimmy Maloney.

12—The one round knockout of Maloney by Tom Heeney and George Godfrey, the most startling flop in history of heavyweight championship.

13—Tommy Loughran's rise to champion.

14—Muddled championship claims in bantam, featherweight and light heavyweight divisions.

15—Passing of Johnny Dundee through defeat by Tony Canzoneri.

16—Failure of Monte Munn, Franz Diener and Harry Persson as heavyweight contenders.

17—International prestige gained by Teddy Baldock of England, Willie Smith of South Africa, Al Brown of U. S., in fights in Europe.

18—Victory of motion picture industry over U. S. in showing of fight films.

19—Legalization of boxing in seven states making a total of twenty-nine states to adopt the sport.

20—Addition of four states as members of National boxing Association, making twenty-five in organization.

21—Break between New York and Pennsylvania boxing commissions.

21—Adoption of boxing by fourteen colleges.

23—Loss of welter title of Pete Latzo to Joe Dundee.

24—Recognition of Benny Bass as featherweight champion by National Boxing Association.

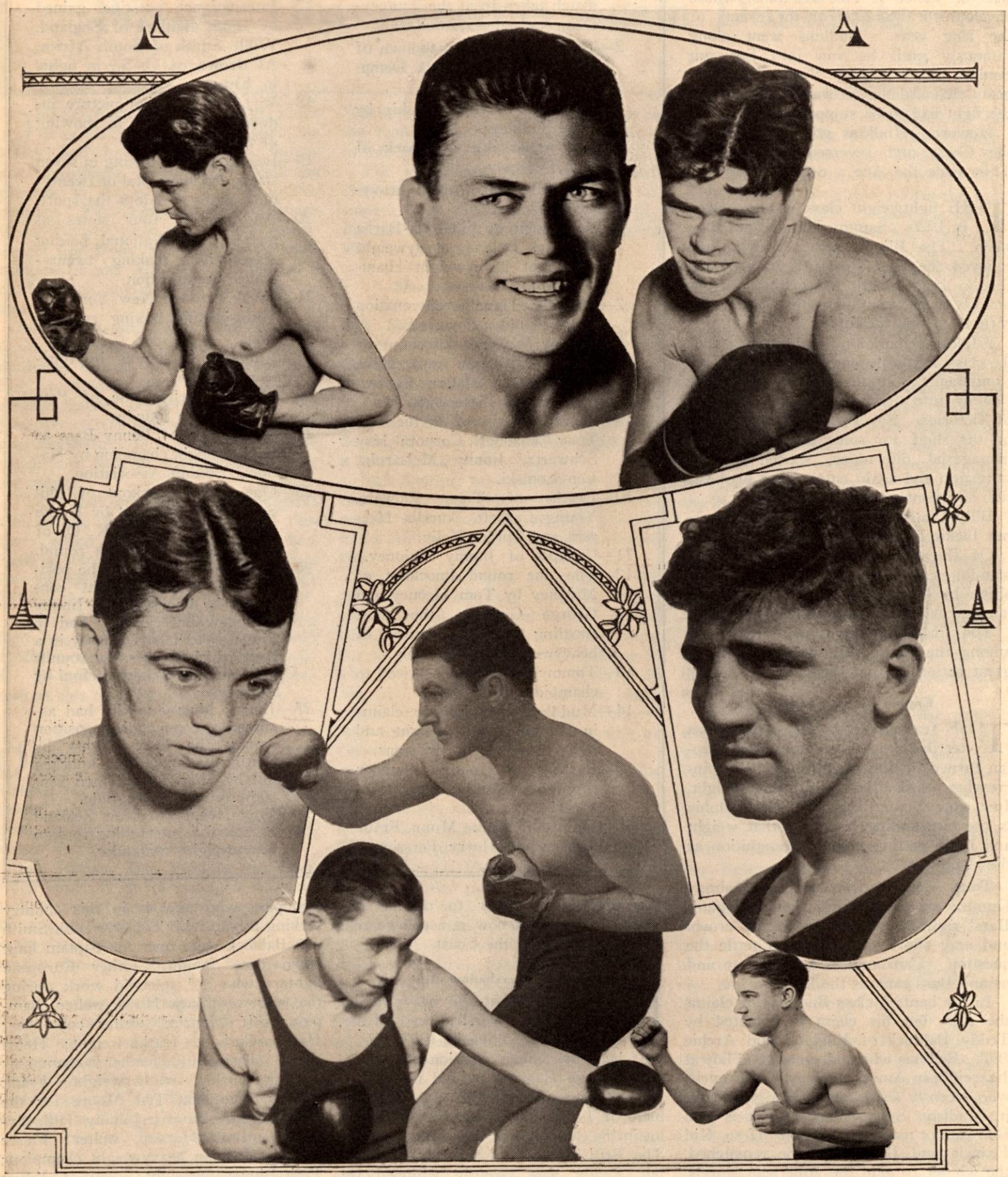
25—One round knockout of Phil Scott in U. S. debut by Knute Hanson and Scott's K. O. of Monty Munn in ninth round.

26—Jack Sharkey rose to the position of a heavyweight contender by knocking out Jimmy Maloney, but Sharkey had to give way to Jack Dempsey in a bout which went seven rounds and ended in a claim of foul by Sharkey.

27—Jimmy Maloney, who had assumed a commanding position among the heavyweights by beating Delaney, was knocked out by Sharkey and then kept right on the downgrade.

28—Tom Heeney of New Zealand became the outstanding foreign heavyweight contender.

Kings of Their Division in 1927



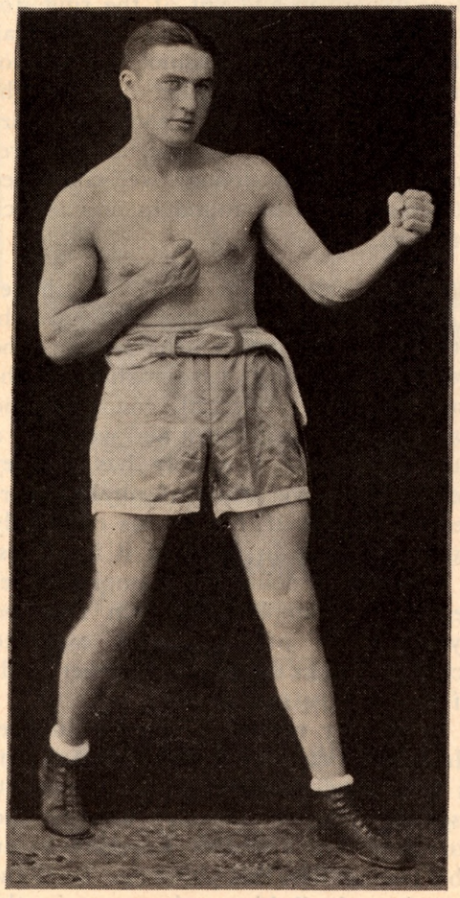
The above are the photographs of the recognized champions for their respective class as listed on the date when this book went to press. In upper oval, left to right—Sammy Mandell, lightweight; Gene Tunney, heavyweight and Mickey Walker, middleweight. Center row, left to right—Tod Morgan, junior lightweight; Tommy Loughran, light heavyweight and Joe Dundee, welterweight. Bottom row—Mushy Callahan, junior welterweight and Benny Bass, featherweight. In the bantam class, Bud Taylor claims the crown.

GENTLEMAN TOMMY LOUGHRAN

World Light Heavyweight Champion and his astute manager

JOE SMITH

Wish You All a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year



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Tunney, Tiger Flowers, Loughran, Big Contributors Towards Boxing's Record Year

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

IT is not difficult to point to the greatest feat of the year in boxing. This was the achievement of Gene Tunney who wrested the heavyweight title from Jack Dempsey in September, 1926, and then meeting the latter in the ring one year from the time of their first contest, won again. There will always be a division of opinion as to the merits of the decision that Tunney received in Chicago, last fall, but the records prove that never before in the history of the heavyweight class, has the winner of a title match accorded his beaten opponent a chance at his lost championship one year later.

THERE have been similar instances in the lighter classes, but Tunney was the first heavyweight champion to take this sportsmanlike action, and he is entitled to much credit for setting so good an example. His action is in sharp contrast to the attitude of many title holders in different classes who, having acquired championship, carefully avoid all worthy opponents and devote their efforts to bouts in which the title is "not at stake."

The assertion has been made by those antagonistic to boxing and other forms of rough sport that the patrons of ring contests care nothing as to the personal conduct or actions of the contestants and are interested only in the amount of damage they do to each other in the ring. There is no foundation for this charge as is proven by the esteem in which Tunney, Loughran, Tiger Flowers, Delaney, Leonard, Britton, Carpentier and others of that calibre are held by leading citizens.

The criticism is also proven false by the character of those who now attend boxing contests. Boxing arenas are now crowded nightly by the leaders in business and professional life and the standing of the onlookers compares favorably with that of spectators at baseball, football and other branches of sport.

It is true that many years ago a fighter was appraised solely on his ability to fight, and no attention was paid to his habits or actions outside of the ring. But the present crop of boxers are scrutinized closely, both in and out of the ring, for the patrons of boxing know that an athlete of bad habits cannot last long or give good return to ticket buyers. The boxers, themselves, have come to realize the truth of that assertion, and the result is as clean-living, well-conducted athletes as can be found in any branch of sport.

THE steady rise of Tunney as a boxer and his capture of the heavyweight title in so short a time after entering the heavyweight ranks, has emphasized the fact that good physical condition and habits mean advancement and wealth to a capable boxer. Not only has Tunney demonstrated the value of physical perfection in himself, but he has constantly raised his voice in favor of it in others.

There is no doubt the champion's precepts and example have been followed by thousands of youngsters eager to achieve fame in the ring or in other fields of sport.

In another respect Tunney is unique. He is not only physically powerful, but is keen intellectually. He is a student, uses the English language fluently and correctly, and discusses literature in an able manner. In this particular, he is the superior of all his predecessors in the heavyweight championship class, a majority of whom were noted solely for ability to fight.

Viewed from all angles, it appears to the writer that Tunney, in defending his title against the man from whom he had won it a year previously, gave an exhibition of sportsmanship that should be followed by other title holders. This action by the champion, in conjunction with his fine character, high ideals, and superior intelligence, constitute the most valuable contribution by a boxer in behalf of the sport in which he is engaged.

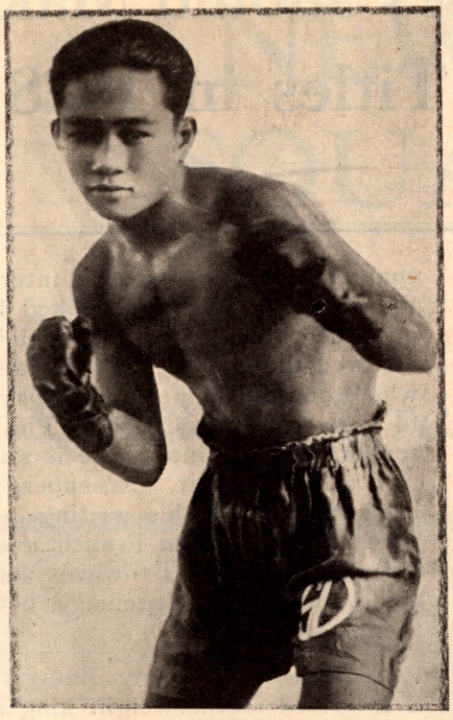
NEXT to Tunney in the matter of splendid example for young athletes, comes Tiger Flowers, who recently passed away to the regret of all who had seen him in the ring or met him outside the ropes. Possibly some skeptical persons may think that a truly religious man could not bring himself to fight fellow men, but Flowers was living proof that it was possible.

Flowers was a devout church member, and his life, both as a fighter and a citizen, furnished evidence that he was absolutely sincere. His sportsmanship was of the highest possible type. He was modest in victory and uncomplaining in defeat.

As a husband and father he was irreproachable, and as a boxer he never failed to give his best efforts and never in his life was he remotely connected with trickery or fraud. If boxers, both black and white, would follow the splendid example set by the Deacon, the effect on the sport of boxing would be excellent.

ANOTHER boxer who has contributed towards the success of the sport of boxing is Thomas Loughran, light heavyweight champion. He might have traveled about the country demanding that opponents fail to come in at the class weight of 175 pounds so that his title would not be endangered. But this fine, intelligent boy, scorning any such trickery, proceeded to make a title match with one of the most formidable men in the division. Leo Lomski will give Loughran a terrific battle, and while the champion no doubt realizes he is to meet a man generally conceded to be one of the best in the country, that did not deter the title holder from signing the articles of agreement.

Aside from his ability as a boxer and ring general, Loughran is noted for sportsmanship of a high order. He has never been known to take an unfair advantage of an opponent. Like Tiger Flowers, Loughran is never boastful, and he never indulges in bitter complaints in the event the verdict goes against him. He is keen intellectually, and is reputed to have excellent habits.



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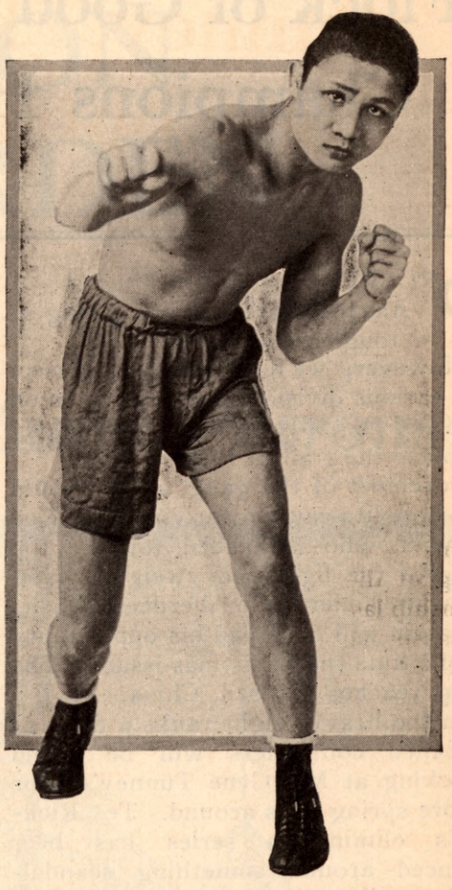
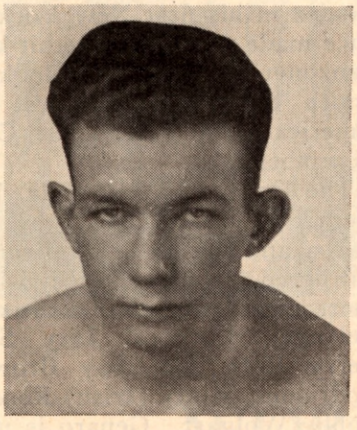


IGNACIO FERNANDEZ
the Filipino Featherweight



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"Speed Marvel," 135-140 Pounds

SPUG MYERS
135-140 POUNDS

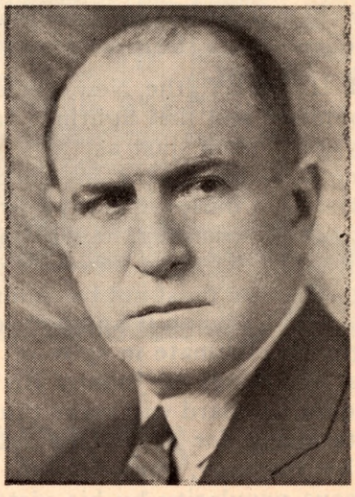
ARMANDO SANTIAGO
130-135 POUNDS

SULLY MONTGOMERY
HEAVYWEIGHT

FILIPINO JOHNNY HILL
126-130 POUNDS

JACK SILVER
140-145 POUNDS

NORMAN WILSON
160 POUNDS



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Flock of Good Boys in All Classes Should Make Champions Hustle to Retain Titles in 1928

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

PROSPECTS?

Aha! doctor! you are giving us a tough assignment!

However, we'll attempt to dissect the various divisions and let you in on some of the boys who are very likely to blaze the trail in 1928.

Foremost of the gang, as we would say in polite cauliflower circles, is Leo Lomski, who is headed for the top rung of the light heavyweight championship ladder. The Aberdeen, Wash., Assassin will have had his opportunity by the time the Christmas issue of The Ring reaches Tietsen, China.

In the heavyweight ranks a flock of so-called contenders will be found knocking at Mr. Gene Tunney's door before spring rolls around. Tex Rickard's elimination series has been bounced around something scandalously until we find two or three who were very much threatening six months ago practically in the scrap and as many who weren't given as much as an outside chance of entering the star chambers, making funny faces at Gene and Jack Dempsey.

TOM HEENEY, the New Zealand Irishman, will be fighting Jack Sharkey, of Boston, just as this issue is selling like hot cakes in London and Paris. If Charley Harvey's pride and joy gets by Sharkey, he will jump into third place in the heavyweight ranking. Sharkey must not be counted out. Paulino Uzcudun is another very tough guy to eliminate in spite of his defeat at the hands of Johnny Risko.

The squat Spaniard will make things very interesting for the entire outfit. Risko, by the way, jumped into instantaneous popularity by his victory over the Basque Woodchopper. Among the foreigners who are infesting American rings at this writing and who may find some standing before the snow is off the ground are Ted Sandwina, German-Jew, and Pierre Charles, heavyweight champion of Belgium. Jack Delaney got another footing after licking Jack Renault.

THE middleweight division threatens to become the "fightenest" class of the lot. Camping on Mickey Walker's trail are Jack McVey, sensational Negro; George Courtney, who is the best looking fighter we've laid our eyes on since Honey Mellody; Phil (K.O.) Kaplan, who is coming along in fine shape; Joe Anderson and one or two others.

It will be a long time before Mickey wil give some of his challengers a shot at the mythical diadem a kind-hearted referee handed to him in Chicago. Mickey never saw the day he could whip the late Tiger Flowers. The Tigah clamored for a return go but Perfumery Jack Kearns gave him the well known go-by.

Not overlooking the welter class which is going great guns. Ace Hudkins, Sammy Baker, Tommy Freeman, Clyde Hull are dangerous opponents for Joe Dundee. In another week or two Ace and Joe may clash in Madison Sq. Garden to settle an old feud.

Hilario Martinez, slashing Spanish junior welter, has accomplished wonders since he has been here. There is no stopping him. He has turned in many exhilarating performances and there is no doubt he will grab a title before he returns to his beloved Madrid. Giving the Spaniard a hard tussle for a titular shot with Mushy Callahan is Jimmy McLarnin, sensational Coast boy. His kayo of Louis (Kid) Kaplan will long live in the memory of Windy City enthusiasts. Spug Meyers and Sammy Vogel are also in the running.

NOW we come to the lightweights. Boss Sammy Mandell had better prepare for a tough year. He has Sid Terris, Billy Wallace, Bruce Flowers to contend with, and a few others may be developed before the new year is six months old. Don't count Kid Kaplan out of the running. He's just as cocky and tough as he ever was. Prominent among the newcomers is Lope Tenerio, of the Philippines.

Charley Cook has a corking prospect in Joe Sekyra, of Dayton, Ohio, in the light heavyweight stakes. He showed plenty of class in his New York debut against Jimmy Byrne recently. He has lots to learn but it won't take him long to get acquainted.

Thanks to Kid Francis, Italian champion, there is renewed interest in the bantam ranks. It looked like a one-sided thing until the little Wop received the "duke" over Archie Bell, who stood out alone. Both may have to show cause to Charley (Phil) Rosenberg who maintains he is still the rightful titleholder. Rosenberg is in hard training at this writing. A return match between Francis and Bell will go a long ways towards deciding the question of supremacy between them.

ALTHOUGH Benny Bass is considered featherweight king in the State of Pennsylvania, the little socking fool will have plenty of competition from such well known warriors as Tony Canzoneri, Bud Taylor, Willie Smith, who owns a decision over Teddy Baldock; Dominick Petrone, Ignacio Fernandez, the Filipino; Sammy Fuller, Joey Sangor, Sammy Dorfman and Johnny Hill. Corking lot of boys. Canzoneri and Taylor fought their third battle December 30. Fernandez in his first New York appearance made a tremendous hit by giving Canzoneri all he was looking for. Smith boxed for the first time in America with Petrone at Cleveland, December 7.

The death of Pancho Villa, dethronement of Frankie Genaro by Fidel La Barba and the latter's retirement has murdered the flyweight division. But there are a few comers such as Frenchy Belanger, Corporal Izzy Schwartz, Terry Roth, Newsboy Brown, Blas Rodriquez, Minty (Irish) Rose, Young Bobby Wolgast. Genaro is making a great comeback.

THE junior lightweights are a good lot. Tod Morgan defended his title against Joe Glick a few nights ago. Glick put Jack Bernstein out of the running several weeks ago. Honeyboy Finnegan, of Boston, is a dangerous obstacle. Overweight some little time ago Honeyboy whipped Morgan in the Hub.

There are a flock of other crackerjacks. Armand Emanuel, Coast light heavy, who floored George La Rocco in one of the preliminary bouts on the

(*Continued on page 29*)

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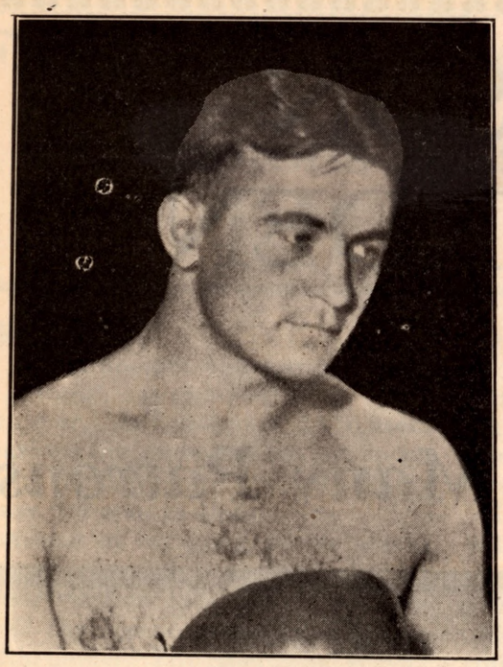

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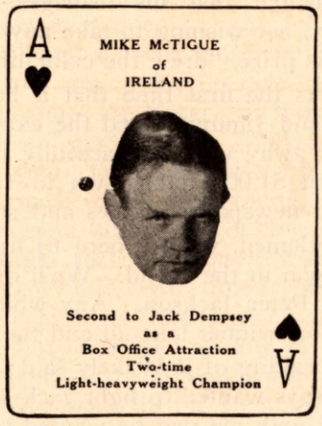

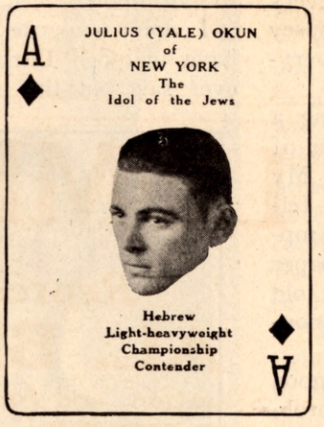

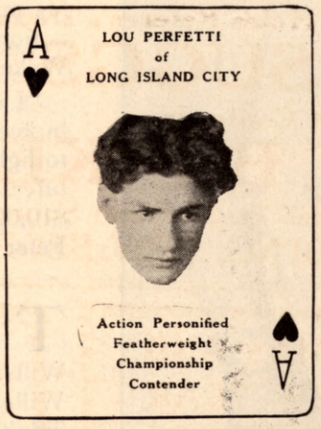

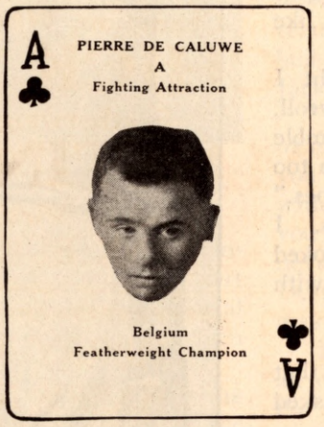

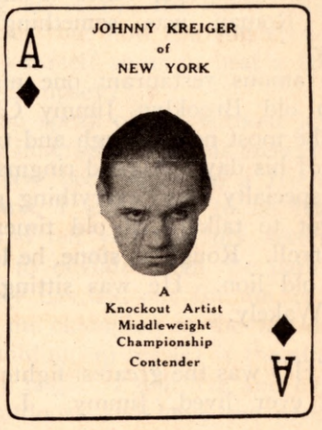

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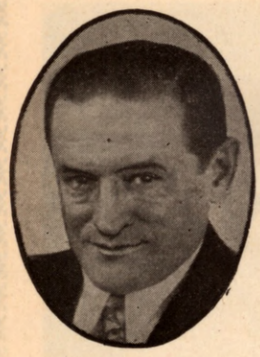


Following the Fistic Trail

Oldtimers vs. Present Day Stars Dempsey Ranks Among Greatest Fighters

By HYPE IGOE

A LETTER came to me recently from a fellow, bawling the daylights out of me because I dared to seem to think that Jack Dempsey was a great fighter. He gave that old wheeze about "Whom did he ever lick" and all things like that. I get them every day. I didn't get them while Dempsey was belting the devil and all out of everybody who came his way.

When he's washed up and making a remarkable but hopeless last gesture of greatness, I get the panning letters. My whole life has been wrecked. This fellow, a Mr. Cameron, tells me that Dempsey can't fight himself out of a paper bag, that Sullivan was a cowardly old blusterer until Jim Corbett made a monkey of him.

I didn't see John when he was good and twenty-one. I did remark that probably he could have whipped his weight in wildcats about that time. I imagine the old Roman was something like Dempsey.

In a famous restaurant one night I ran into old Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, one of the most noted rough and tumble fighters of his day. A good ringman too but his specialty was "everything goes."

We got to talking of old timers. I liked Carroll. Rough as stone, he looked like an old lion. He was sitting with Jimmy Wakely.

"WHO was the greatest fighter that ever lived, Jimmy," I asked Carroll.

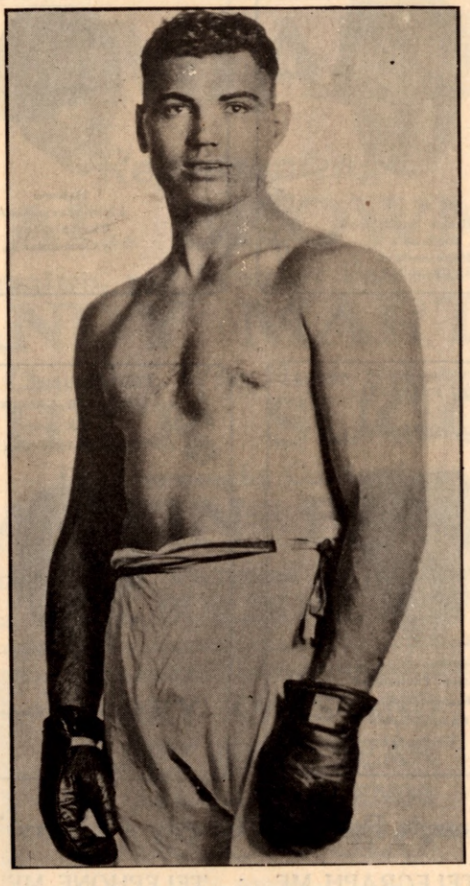
Without a second's hesitation, Carroll snapped "John L. Sullivan."

"He knocked eighty men in a row while on tour," said Carroll.

"All kinds of men, big, brown and black. No matter what kind. He hit them on the chin and they went down like oaks. No man ever compared with him in hitting and in speed—when he was John L." That was a bit of appreciation from a man who knew Sullivan. Both are dead and gone but I've never forgotten Brooklyn Jimmy's estimate of his friend Sullivan.

Cameron came back at me hard. He said Sullivan was a dub and couldn't whip his grand mother. I'm convinced that the Sullivan that Corbett whipped was through. Jack McAuliffe in his corner that night, said that Sullivan's estimate of distance, his timing, was pitiful to look upon.

I don't suppose that Sullivan could have whipped Corbett the best day he ever saw but the night that he fought



Jack Dempsey, more popular in defeat than in victory

Jim, he wasn't at his best and it wasn't the best day he ever saw. Jim was fresh and young and going up. Going up in giant strides. A long drawn out battle with Peter Jackson had sent his stock sizzling to the skies.

Sullivan couldn't have missed that item, no matter how little he might have thought of Corbett. His own name had been linked with Peter time and again but always in a way that seemed to indicate that John L. didn't want to have any of his game.

IN justice to John L. Sullivan, I want to say that he did want to fight Peter Jackson but that his manager, Jimmy Wakely, not wishing to take any chances with his prize, "drew the color line."

It was the first time that it had been pulled and Jimmy coined the expression. He got away with it gracefully by slapping ten $1,000 bills down in front of a lot of newspaper scribes and stating:

"Gentlemen, we are here to fight any white man in the world. We'll draw the line on Peter Jackson. Any white man, mind you, winner take all and the title."

In speaking of it Wakely said: "Sullivan always wanted to fight Jackson. He pleaded with me that he wanted to do so and said that he would lose prestige with his public. You know old John had his notions about that public of his," said Wakely.

"I convinced him that it would not be in keeping with his position as champion to fight a Negro and they never met. My offer to take on any man living for $10,000 a side made them forget all about Peter Jackson."

THE identical situation came up when Dempsey was challenged by Harry Wills. Kearns was the man who ducked Wills. He told me that himself. He didn't think Jack was ready for Wills and I think in that, he made the only big blunder of which he has been guilty since he became a big time manager.

Later when Kearns saw that Dempsey was going to get through his fingers and go it alone, Kearns signed for both Tunney and Wills. Those are the bouts on which he is basing his claims for $333,333. Of course he can't claim a Wills cut but he will try to make his case stand long enough to get a cut from the first Tunney-Dempsey battle.

It isn't my purpose to string along with the old heroes of the ring. I saw all of them in action save Sullivan.

I CAUGHT some of them on the tail end of their careers. I did see Jeffries at his best, Corbett at his worst. Jeff was at his best the night he defeated Corbett in San Francisco. Jim had but a few trinkets left from his jewel box of ring perfection. He didn't have stamina and Jeffries looked like a big bear. I've never seen anything to equal the size and build of him that night but he wasn't the Dempsey type.

He was a one handed hitter, strictly a left hooker and not much of a killer at that. The only men he knocked out were the old birds like Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Ruhlin. The young fellows always gave him fits. Little Joe Choynski, a middleweight, gave him the toughest battle of his life.

Joe hit him but he couldn't put him down. I'm sure that Dempsey would have floored him or any heavyweight king that ever lived the day he bounced Jess Willard all over the drum.

Willard was a larger man than Jeff and ten times the boxer. It took a great fighter to get through Willard's long armed guard and Jack hacked him down seven times in the first round.

Jeffries in his prime couldn't have accomplished that. Dempsey would have two-fisted Jeff, two-timed him, outspeeded him. While I don't say that Jeff would have been as soft as Willard, I do hold that no one-handed fighter could have made up for Dempsey's flashing two handed offense.

KEARNS used to wind him up and turn him lose. No such heavyweight action has ever existed unless it was John L. Sullivan's. I'm only taking the word of a capable critic like Jack McAuliffe for John L.'s speed. It must have been something like Dempsey's.

The remarkable part about Dempsey is that, although through, he is a great card. He is through if you take his Toledo performance as a criterion. He is through if you remember his Firpo attack and even then he was but half the man he was at Toledo.

It is a tribute to his gameness and his ability to have them cheering for his return. You go to the movies of his battle with Tunney and who gets the applause? Not Gene and yet I can explain that easily enough.

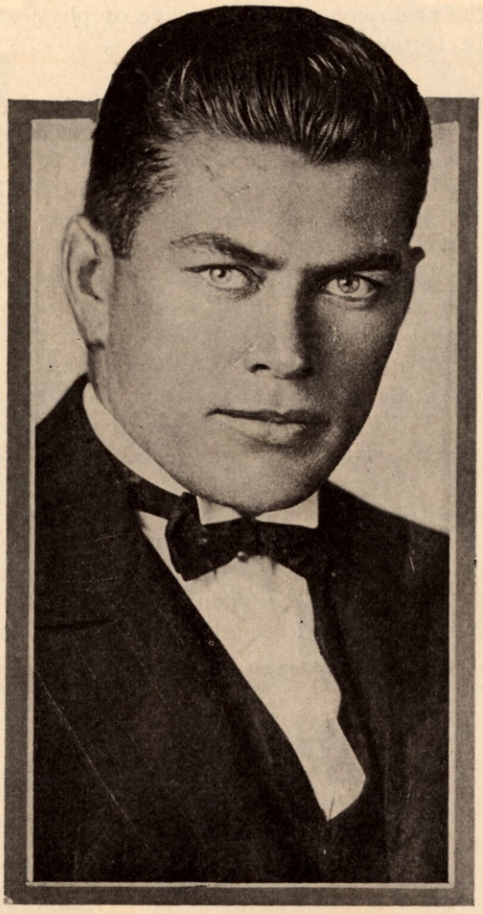
The mob is always against the top and for the under dog. It's been so since the beginning of time.

Thumbs down on the champion and long live a new king. In this case, the dethroned king hasn't lost his popularity, his charm.

Dempsey was a great fighter. He was a great fighter physically. Now he fights mentally and his body that was furiously fast, can't keep up with his brain. Benny Leonard explained it in that fashion and I think it is the finest of all the theories as to what Dempsey is and is not. Certainly he is not the Toledo Terror.

* * *

THE World War had buried its hero dead; homage had been paid to its more fortunate survivors and, in this country, the citizenry in general was indulging in a frenzy of sports as a sort of reaction to the horrors of the mortal combat on the day of the incident, which is the basis of this story.



Gene Tunney, who visualized his present high position

It held little or no importance in the writer's mind at the time because the period was one of extravagances in most everything but, like good wine, it has mellowed into an excellence that is astonishing, since it concerns the sport of boxing which is popularly supposed to be little more than thumps and dollars and blood.

Historic old Madison Square was the scene of the story and the time, a spring day when the benches were filled to overflowing with those who for years had been going somewhere and had never reached a destination; those who saw no reason at all why they should not reach some important destination with half a chance and those who never expected to get started.

As the writer passed through the park, intent upon the sports story that was his task for the morrow, a voice called his first name and he halted.

From one of the benches nearby was unwinding the tall muscular body of a boxer who was having indifferent success in the ring. Most of the fistic experts said that, even if he did grow big enough for premier boxing honors, his brittle hands would be his undoing and he would never get any place.

A CHEERY "Good Morning" had scarcely died away when a series of questions as to the public's opinion of his form in his last fight was launched. The answers were honest but they were not in keeping with the boxer's ideas of himself.

"Despite all those faults you think you see in me," he went along seriously, "I am going to be the champion of the world some day. I believe I am so desitned because in my head there is ever present the thought that I will be. I have a message for the youth of this country about the worth of physical perfection and clean living and I am going to deliver it to them some day.

"They will not listen to me as a lesser light. I am going to build up myself to the proportions necessary to attract their attention as champion."

"Destiny is all right, if you are not wrong about it," the boxer was told in rebuttal, "but how are you ever going to build yourself so as to beat a fellow like Jack Dempsey?"

"You speak of me without knowledge of my innerself," was his answer. "Since you have been frank in a friendly way with me, I am going to be frank with you and tell you that my determination never to deviate from the path I think Destiny has laid out for me, is going to make me champion of the world.

"Building up myself is the simplest of all my tasks. I will live and exercise in the outdoors and have the proper food and my own system of training. The

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determination that influences my mind will cause me to remedy gradually the apparent defects you notice so that, by the time I am ready for the big task ahead of me, you may rest assured I will have enough poundage to face any of them."

THE conversation drifted from the purely physical aspects of the requirements Tunney believed a heavyweight champion should have to what moral qualities the titleholder should possess and what a great mission it was to guide the youth of the land to a cleaner life through athletics.

"You do not know there is constantly turning in my head the thought that the heavyweight boxing champion of the world has the opportunity to do more for boys and youths than any other person. The spotlight is upon him. In the past, some of these champions have not been models of good living and none reached my ideal.

"But there seems to be no reason in my mind why there should not be a champion with all the mental qualities of those who strive to attain the pinnacle of noble pursuits. Destiny seems to send me the message I am selected for that task. It grows stronger with me all the time, even if I am but now fighting the topnotchers and many experts doubt my courage and ability.

"It is clear to me just what I am going to do when champion and there does not seem to be a real obstacle ahead on my road.

"It is going to be a long journey. That is also clear to me and it won't be a child's play. It is a man's job in every way and, to be happy, I must abide by the command of the thoughts that seem to dominate and tell me that I am to be the champion with a message of physical perfection.

"EVERY time I box, I seem to discover a fault and it stands out most prominently. I eradicate that. When I am champion, I will tell the youths of the land that constant striving for the ideal alone will fit them mentally and physically for the tasks of the world and that genius must work—and work hard—to accomplish perfection. They will listen to me when champion of the world.

"If I direct only a few to the path that leads to the zenith in other professions by a realization of the value and need of the determination to succeed that I am bringing to bear upon myself, my life shall not have been in vain. When I am through as champion, the determination to succeed that carried me to the title, should take me along to business success and an enjoyment of the higher things of life which are not at all inconsonant with literature and the arts and sciences.

"Singleness of purpose is the root of all great accomplishment. Whether it be in the arts, sciences or business or in sports or in living life itself, the summit is beyond the reach of those without the impelling quality. It is the common road to success. My road is the boxing heavyweight championship of the world, and my ideal to be a model champion for the youth of the land to copy and I am on my way. Make a note of that and that I will not be false to it."

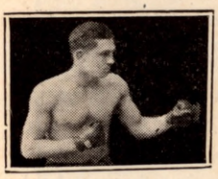
"I hope you are right," ventured the writer, "because it will be a great story to tell some day, if you make good and prove you are not already 'goofy' from your opponents' punches."

But he made good and has a sound mind in a healthy body.

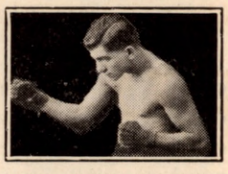
The ambitious boxer who helped Destiny make him what he has become, is Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion of the world who is exactly the champion he visualized for himself nearly eight years ago under the shadow of Madison Square Garden whose boxing entertainments have featured some of the former champions the New York lad has set out to surpass in higher things.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

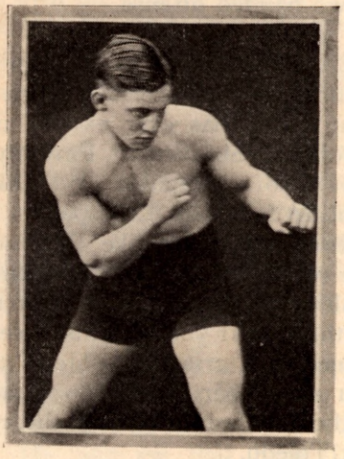
MAX HOFF
(Manager)



RAY MITCHELL
Junior Welterweight

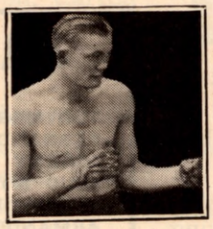


AL GORDON
Junior Lightweight



TOMMY HERMAN
Lightweight

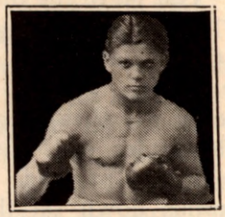
BABE RUTH
Lightweight



MATT ADGIE
Light Heavyweight

JACK GROSS
Heavyweight

VINCENT FORGIONE
Middleweight



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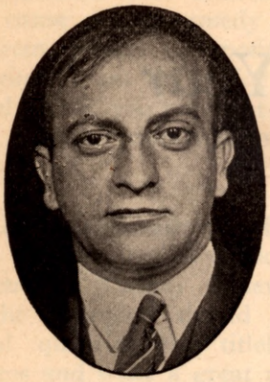


Nat Fleischer Says:

Kearns-Dempsey case not yet off map
Jewish Heavyweights come into limelight
International Tournament Suggested

YULETIDE Greetings. May the New Year be one of continued happiness to our host of readers, readers whose friendship we cherish and whose voices we listen to.

To you who are ardent supporters of this periodical, we are happy to report that the goal we aimed for this year has been reached. A gain of close to 15,000 in circulation, far beyond our most cherished hope—this is the cheerful news we can broadcast on this, the completion of our sixth year.

Last year we remarked that with your continued help we would reach the 60,000 mark. To-day we joyfully inform our Happy Grown-Up family that for the October issue, 71,200 copies of THE RING were published. The November issue reached 74,000, the December 76,100 and for the Christmas-January number 77,000 copies of this publication were distributed. It is your patronage, your constructive criticism, that has enabled this remarkable growth.

THE RING is a fit periodical to carry into any home. The publisher has turned down thousands of dollars through his steadfast refusal to accept medical advertisements of an objectionable nature. We solicit your continued support and we in turn will show our appreciation by keeping this book clean and giving you only the best in stories and pictures.

* * * *

Kearns Dempsey Case

PERHAPS it is to be regretted that the $333,333 case of Jack Kearns against Jack Dempsey did not go to trial before the jury in Judge Runyon's United States Court in Newark. Charges flew thick and fast as the Kearns side was forced to accept a voluntary non suit. In other words, the case was thrown out in that particular court, leaving Kearns free to start another action elsewhere.

Ever since Kearns started his various actions against Dempsey, there have been rumors and reports, charges and counter charges, stories of all varieties of "dirt" to be cast about when the matter finally came to trial.

At length the case did come up in the Federal Court. A jury was chosen. The Kearns and Dempsey lawyers stated their cases. Everything was moving along smoothly. Then came the blast. Kearns' lawyers charged that Dempsey had built up a personal propaganda in New Jersey with personal appearances and that the case was being tried in an atmosphere which precluded a fair verdict.

In any event, the case was killed. The "dirt" had to be kept from public view. The innuendo of several years had to be hidden away again. Perhaps there was no "dirt." Perhaps all the innuendo was just a lot of hot air. It is my view that the case would have been conducted on a fair and clean basis and that there were no real muckerisms to be cast to the sensationalists and scandal mongers.

Perhaps Kearns will start his case anew, this time in New York. As far as the Newark action went, it failed to reveal anything startling, anything new. It came out in Kearns' charges that Dempsey had received $820,000 for the first Tunney fight. But that wasn't exactly news, either.

* * * *

Heavyweight Tourney Suggested

THERE'S a wealth of heavyweight material. There is more of it than we had last winter and I want to suggest another and bigger heavyweight tournament in New York. I think it would be more successful than the elimination of last winter.

Because of the fact that there are so many fighters, many

Compliments of the Season

To All Readers of "The Ring," to All Followers of Boxing. Greetings!
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

WITH this issue, The Ring completes its sixth year, six years of progress, years that have seen this magazine grow from a local publication of 2,700 to a circulation that embraces the four corners of the earth.

The progress of The Ring is due to the splendid support of its vast army of readers the world over, to the fine staff which has made The Ring worhy of the support received from the public, the unbiased attitude of its editorials and to its well written, attractive pages.

To our readers and our advertisers we renew the pledge to fight for all that is clean in boxing. We shall always keep in mind the aim of this publication—the betterment of boxing and its protection from the unscrupulous within and the enemies without.

The publisher takes this opportunity to thank his staff and all who have contributed towards the steady growth of The Ring. With your continued support, we have reason to expect in 1928, the most phenomenal growth ever enjoyed by a periodical devoted wholly to sport. Help us grow to a family of 100,000 readers.

of them with rival claims to the same title, I think it would be a capital idea to have two sections in the new tournament and having the two winners meet in the final.

From foreign countries we have Campolo from the Argentine, Ted Sandwina from Germany, Phil Scott from Merrie England, Pierre Charles from Belgium and Humbeeck, another lad from Brussels, Rudy Wagoner from Berlin, Seguira, the Cuban, Franz Diener, the German.

On this side we have a fine comer in Armand Emanuel of San Francisco, who by some is rated as a second Jim Corbett; Artie De Kuh, Jack Dorval, Monte Munn, Benny Touchstone, Jack Gross, Knute Hanson and Ben Pounds.

The standouts are Jack Sharkey, Tom Heeney, Paulino and Jack Delaney and Johnny Risko.

* * *

Jews Hoping For Great Heavyweight

THE Jewish race for many years has been waiting with open arms to greet a great heavyweight. The day may not be far off when the Jews will see one of their race lifted to the pinnacle for there are several good Jewish boys in the heavyweight limelight, who with proper schooling, should be likely prospects. Chief among these are Armand Emanuel, a San Francisco boxer, who looks like the one best bet, Ted Sandwina, an American born Jew from Iowa, who arrived in New York recently from England, where he has met with much success, and Jack Gross, the Philadelphia baker.

For ages, the Jews have shared with the Irish and more recently with the Italians, the leading honors that the field of fisticuffs can bestow, but not in years have the Jews produced a heavyweight top notcher. The nearest approach in the present era, was Battling Levinsky, a scientific boxer who won the light-heavyweight championship, and prior to his time, the great Joe Choynski, who never held a title, yet ranked with the best of his period.

Due to their environment and to the restrictions imposed upon them years ago through economic conditions, the Jews were handicapped physically. This accounts for the fact that the greatest Jewish fighters of all time were men who according to our modern system of classification, were in the divisions lower than that of heavyweight. History informs us that certain laws of the lands in which the Jews were permitted to live, placed restrictions upon their activities. In old books on boxing, there are many interesting chapters on the trades and occupations of fighters from Figg's period to the early nineties. The Jews were mostly tailors, bakers, cobblers, peddlers, and little shop keepers.

* * *

AMONG the Jewish fighters of old days we find Elisha Crabbie, 1788, Solomon Sodisky, 1789, Youssop, 1790, Ikey, The Pigg, 1790, Dutch Sam, 1804, Ikey Bittoon, 1801, Ugly Borak, 1816, Barney Aarons, 1800 and Abey Belasco, 1797—all great Hebrew fighters engaging in ring combats with men twenty to forty pounds advantage. Barney Aarons weighed only 140 pounds yet met heavyweights.

There are innumerable Hebrew fighters at present in all divisions except the heavyweight. A good Jewish heavyweight is worth his weight in gold. Messrs. Lawrence and Woodman realized this two years ago when they broadcast the fact they had in King Solomon the first good Hebrew fighter among the heavyweights in many years. But King Solomon was neither a great fighter nor was he a Jew. He is a Syrian from Panama.

Now with Emanuel and Sandwina in the limelight, interest has been aroused again and if either makes good, a fortune will be his. Sandwina, who comes here with a fine record, is only a boy. He has just passed his twenty-first birthday and if Ike Dorgan, Madison Square Garden publicity director, who is handling Sandwina's affairs, takes his time about pitting Teddy against the leaders, he may have in Sandwina the boy who for ages has been sought by the Jewish race, Sandwina's parents are vaudeville stars, the parents being German Jews. Teddy was born at Albert City, Ia., while parents were with the Barnum and Bailey Show as acrobats.

Chance for President Coolidge

NOW that President Coolidge has been initiated into the fight game by receiving Gene Tunney at the White House and seeing an amateur bout at Rapid City last summer, perhaps he might be induced to be the guest of honor at the next battle Gene engages in. Or still better, perhaps Cal will take a hand in killing the pernicious legislation which certain Senators are trying to put through to tax fight tickets twenty-five per cent.

The proposed tax is confiscatory. It has no place in our national legislation. The war is over and has been over for ten years. If boxing is to be taxed twenty-five per cent., why leave other sports out?

* * *

Heeney's Stock Takes Boom

THE victory of Johnny Risko over Paulino Uzcudun, the Basque Woodchopper, should not discourage Tex Rickard. Paulino has proved in all of his American battles that he is a fine drawing card, and regardless of defeats, as a financial proposition it would be foolhardy to shunt him aside.

While some may argue that Paulino has finally been eliminated as a contender for the crown Gene Tunney wears, I don't think so. He may never be a champion, nor may he ever rate as the leading contender, yet any time he gets into the ring with any of the heavyweights and fights as he did against Risko, there will be plenty of entertainment for the most ardent fight fan and plenty of worries for his opponent.

As for Risko, he certainly deserves to be given a crack at the leading contenders. The Risko-Paulino bout did at least one thing—it boomed the stock of Tom Heeney, New Zealand champion, who twice fought Paulino in bouts in which the decision raised considerable dispute and then trimmed Risko.

* * *

Just Here and There

MICKEY WALKER'S failure to stop Paul Berlenbach should stop the talk of Jack Kearns regarding Walker's ability. Walker is a great fighter. He is a fine middleweight. He furnished the surprise when he stopped Old Mike McTigue and now he should forget the heavier boys and stick to his class. Instead of trying to knock out Berlenbach, let Mickey take on legitimate middleweights.

* * *

WATCH FOR TEX'S SELECTIONS

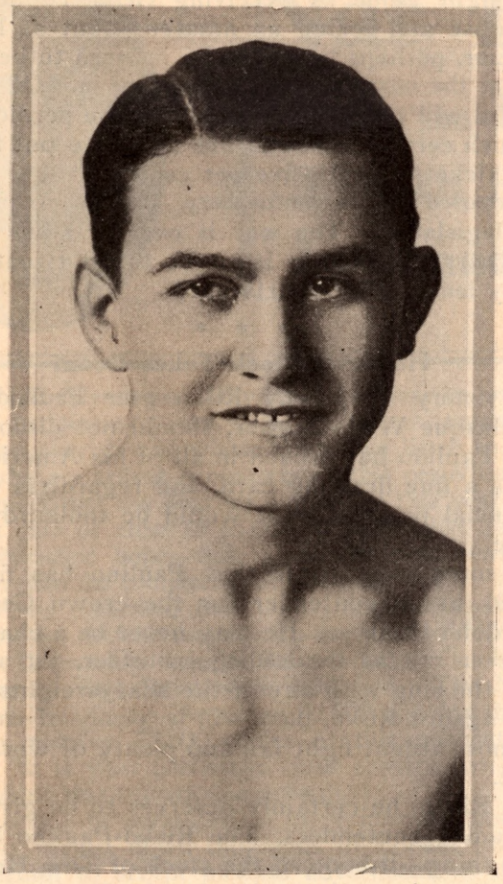
IN our next issue, Tex Rickard, as in the past three years, will make his annual all-star boxing selections. Regardless of how many ratings may appear elsewhere, "The Tex Rickard Selections" can legally appear only in THE RING and in such newspapers which receive the selections from national news agencies through the courtesy of THE RING. "The Tex Rickard Selections" are patented and copyrighted by THE RING and none may steal our thunder without meriting a lawsuit.

These selections, chosen exclusively for THE RING through an arrangement entered into four years ago, have come to be regarded the world over in the same light as the Walter Camp selections were in football.

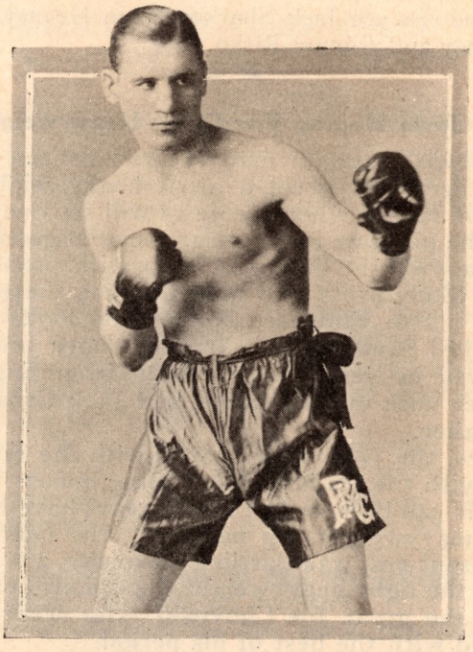
The contributors of this publication have submitted a list of close to 400 names for consideration, and these, added to choices by the writer, Jess McMahon, matchmaker of The Garden; Francis Albertanti, Ike Dorgan, Charles Mathison, seven nationally famed referees, and four prominent sports writers of New York, will be submitted to Tex Rickard. With his own list to guide him, Tex will name from the combined choices, the leading ten in each division and then give his reasons for the rating.

He will dictate his story on these ratings to the Editor of THE RING and needless to say, the ten lucky boys and those named in the Honorable Mention list, will come in for their share of big purses.

Watch for Tex's All-Star Selections in The Next Issue.



Greatest Collection of Fistic Stars the World Over



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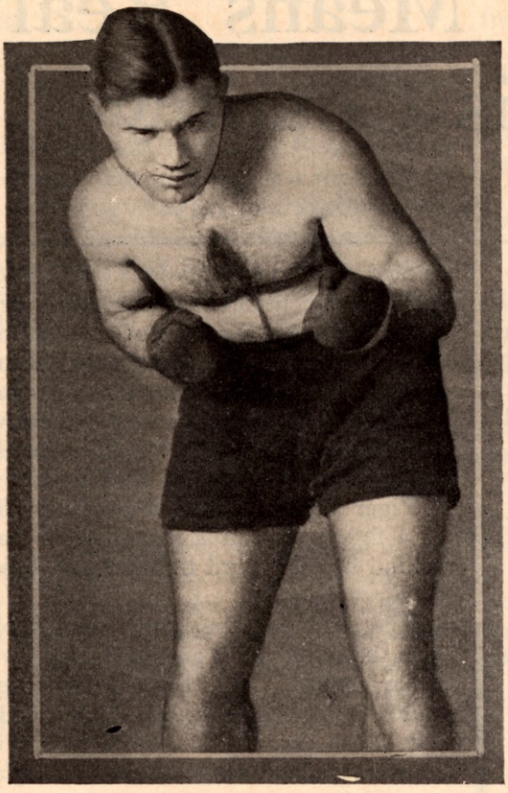

TOM HEENEY

Yuletide Greetings

From

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PHIL LOLOSKY

Bantamweight

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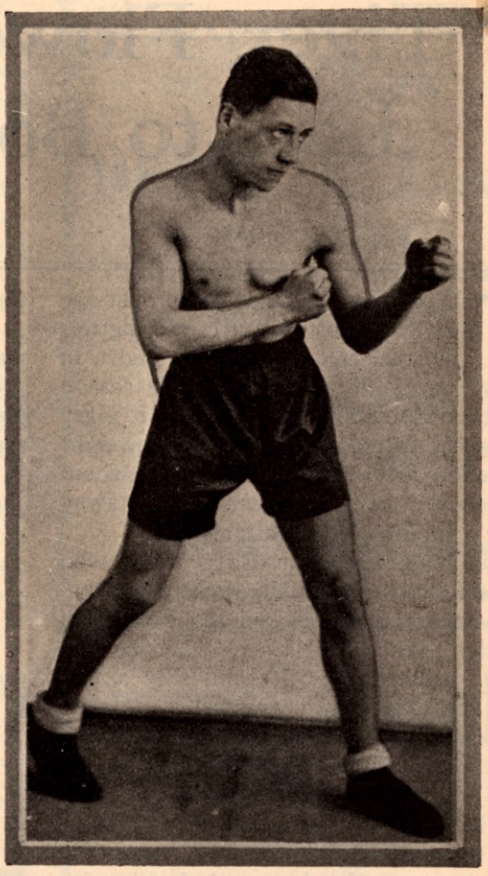

PHIL LOLOSKY

Yuletide Greetings

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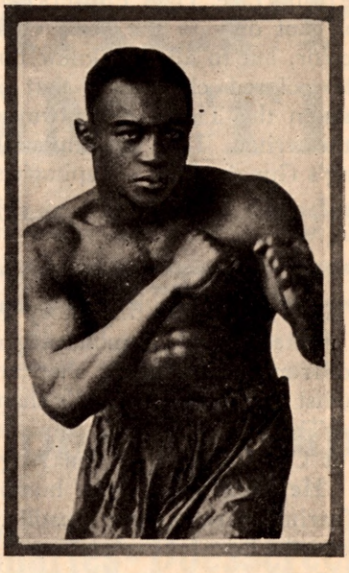

JACK McVEY

JACK McVEY, After Beating Bob Sage, Pete Latzo, Dave Shade and Joe Simonich, Is Hoping Kris Kringle Will Drop in His Stocking Contracts for Championship Bouts with Mickey Walker and Joe Dundee

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NEW YORK CITY

"Tiger Flowers" Death Means Real Loss to Boxing in This Country

By JOHN L. ("IKE") DORGAN

THE final gong has sounded over one of the most picturesque figures fistiana has had in its midst in many years. The joyful yuletide season has been dimmed by the death of Tiger Flowers, former world's middleweight champion, who like the champion whom he relieved of the crown, passed away after a minor eye operation.

Like his predecessor, Harry Greb, who died on October 22, 1926, the soft-spoken, mild-mannered negro had the Fatal Ten counted over him at a time when he was in the prime of his life and only a few days before it was expected Mickey Walker would agree to give him a return bout for the championship.

THE RING, voicing the sentiments of thousands of its readers, sends its condolence to the bereaved family, for Tiger Flowers, like this publication, stood for all that is good in the field of boxing. Philanthropic, ever helpful to the unfortunate of his race, Tiger Flowers endeared himself not only to the brethren of his own color, but to all who knew him. A lovable colored character,—that is the impression the Tiger shall always leave with the writer. Like the famous line in Kipling's Gungha Din, his epitaph should read:

"He was white, clean white inside."

How Career Started

MANY an interesting story can be related of this famous negro who turned from a carpenter's shop and the Methodist Church to a world's championship. Theodore "Tiger" Flowers was born at Camille, Georgia, on August 5, 1903. He came from poor, humble but God-fearing parents who instilled into their son the love for righteousness, truth and honesty.

When the war broke out, "Tiger" then only seventeen, enlisted in Uncle Sam's ship building corps and was sent to Hog Island, near Philadelphia, where he worked at his carpenter's trade. He never had engaged in a ring battle, though he loved to see others in action.

Sportsmanship was a natural instinct to him. Win, lose or draw, the Southern negro never failed to visit the dressing room of his opponent after the battle to dolences as the case might be.

He was a natural showman. His curious ring appearance with his black robe and a huge yellow tiger head painted on the back, his monkey-like leap to the center of the ring when introduced, his

Tiger Flowers

extend his congratulations or his conlittle prayer before the encounter began and his unorthodox style of boxing, made him a tremendous drawing card throughout the country. He was not a clown by any means, yet there are few boxers who were able to display better showmanship than he.

Tiger Flowers claimed greatness both as a fighter and as a man and he leaves behind him a record that is most difficult to surpass.

The lure for the game soon took a firm hold on him and one day, when Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, in charge of entertainment at the Island, decided to put on a Liberty Loan Show, Tiger Flowers walked up to the famous gladiator of former days and asked to be permitted to participate.

"What do you know about boxing?" asked Philadelphia Jack, in his anxiety to protect his charges from bodily injury.

"Ah know a little," replied Flowers with his southern drawl, "But ah 'aint afraid. Ah can mix it and ah like to spar."

Impressed Jack O'Brien

PHILADELPHIA Jack O'Brien was so impressed with the sincerity of the lad and his anxiety to do something for the cause other than work at his trade, that he agreed to let Tiger Flowers don the mitts with another novice.

Much to O'Brien's surprise, Tiger Flowers put up the best showing of the entertainment. He made a hit and was roundly applauded. Jack saw a diamond in the rough and induced Flowers to join the professional ranks. That is how Deacon "Tiger" Flowers threw his hat into the fistic arena.

O'Brien declares that Flowers showed every action of an enraged Tiger in his debut and from then on, it was Tiger, instead of Theodore Flowers. Slowly but surely, when the war ended, Flowers mounted the ladder. Walk Miller, manager of many star boxers, took Flowers under his wing and from then on his progress was assured. The Tiger won battle after battle and his fame spread to all corners of the country.

It was in 1924 that Tiger Flowers first

gained national fame when he won a newspaper verdict over Harry Greb, then middleweight champion at Fremont, Ohio.

Eight years after he had started boxing, Flowers was matched to meet Harry Greb for the championship. That was on February 28, 1926, and Flowers won the crown. He gave Harry a return bout the following August and repeated the victory. Tiger lost the championship on what appeared as a doubtful decision to Mickey Walker in Chicago on December 3, 1926.

It was rather a coincidence that Tiger Flowers' last battle in which he knocked out Leo Gates in four rounds, was fought at the same club where he made his New York debut four years ago—the Olympic Club of Harlem.

The Deacon's first big test in New York, the bout that made him a popular ring hero, was in the old Garden when in a Christmas Fund show, he knocked out Johnny Wilson in four rounds of sensational fighting. Thereafter he drew in the throngs wherever he went.

Acknowledges Defeat

HIS two greatest setbacks were furnished at the hands of Jack Delaney. In both contests the Deacon was knocked out. It was after being stopped by Delaney the second time that Flowers won the middleweight title from Greb.

When Flowers was whipped in their last encounter, he walked over to Jack's dressing room and knocked on the door.

Pete Reilly, standing nearby, opened the door and there stood the battered Tiger.

"Beg pardon, Mistah Reilly. May ah enter?"

"Sure, Tiger," answered the genial Reilly. "What can we do for you?"

"Well, you see, Mistah Reilly," replied the Deacon, whose face was swollen and lips cut, "ah want to tell Mistah Delaney something."

And with that, over walked Flowers to where Delaney was sitting and with a smiling greeting he remarked:

"Ah want no moor of you, Mistah Delaney. You're a much bettah man than I. You ah ma master. No more fights between us."

A hand shake, a slap on Jack's back and the Deacon, a credit to the boxing game, ran out of the room and dashed to his own.

Such was the man who passed on to his Maker a few weeks ago. His was an exemplary life, one that well may be copied by others in the profession which Deacon Flowers followed.

A fitting tribute from one great fighter to another, was that of Gene Tunney, world's heavyweight champion, when informed of the untimely death of Flowers.

"Tiger Flowers was a credit to his calling, his race and his country," declared Tunney. "The negro race lost a bright and shining standard bearer. The boxing game lost a real champion, one who lived and fought cleanly and reflected nothing but credit on the sport. And we of the boxing fraternity all lost a friend.

"I am proud to call Tiger Flowers my friend. He always had my keenest admiration. As a fighter he was great enough to win the championship from as great a middleweight as ever drew on a glove, Harry Greb. What greater fistic credit can be given him?

"No one can deny that Tiger Flowers in addition to being a great champion also was an inspiration not only to the youth of his race, but to all boys and young men, to live cleanly, speak softly, trust in God and fight hard and fight fair."

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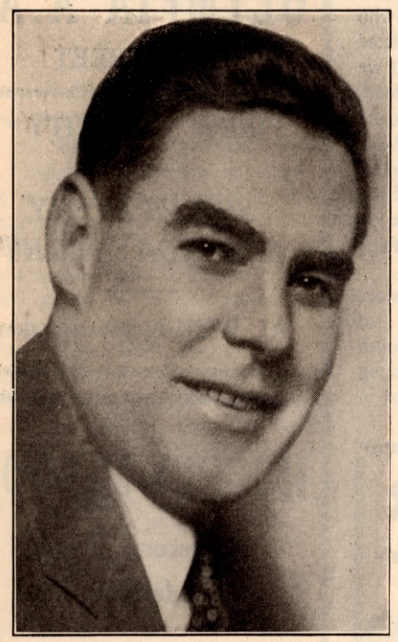
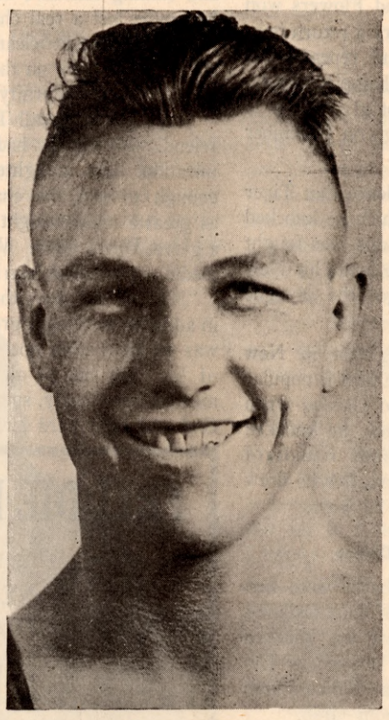
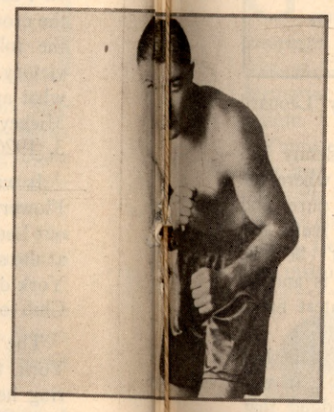


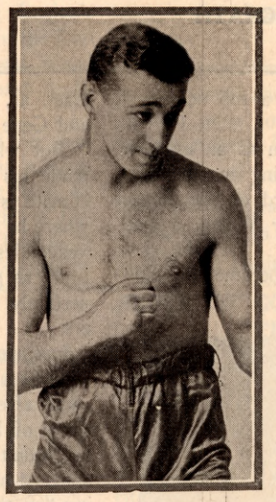
BILL DUFFY



LEO LOMSKI
Pacific Coast light-heavyweight champion. Made a big hit in Garden, New York, recently by beating Yale Okun. Seeks crown that Tommy Loughran wears.



CHARLEY (Phil) ROSENBERG
Still Bantamweight Champion



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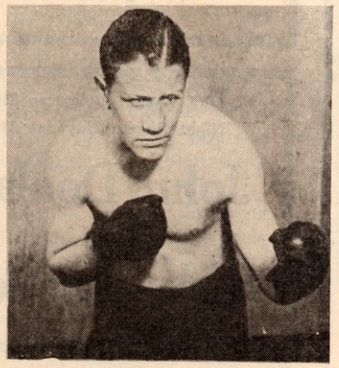

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Nebraska Wildcat

WALTER HOGAN
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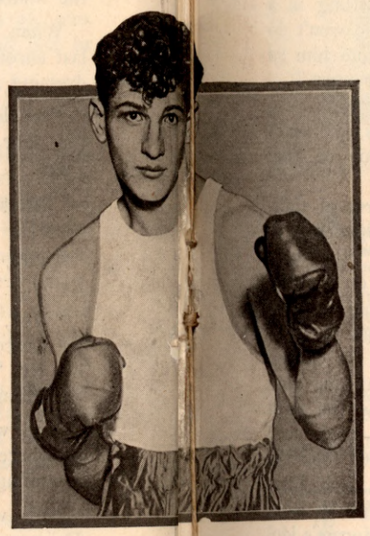

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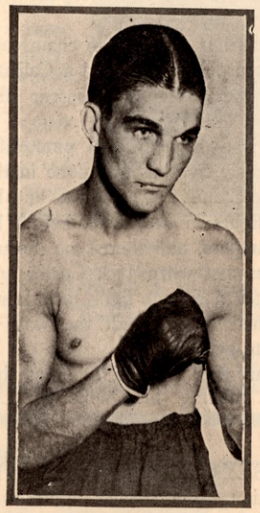
WILLIE SMITH
Conqueror of Teddy Baldock, Who is in America 'Rarin' to Go



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California, the Home of Great Champions, Trainers and Seconds

By TIM McGRATH

ONE of the facts that Easterners cannot get away from is that almost every heavyweight champion of the world we've had since the passing of John L. Sullivan has been either a Californian or else did much of his early fighting in California.

Jim Corbett, as we all know, is an out and out San Franciscan. Bob Fitzsimmons did his first fighting in San Francisco when he landed from Australia.

Jim Jefferies was raised in Los Angeles and did practically all of his fighting in San Francisco up to the time he met and defeated Fitzsimmons.

Jack Johnson was born in Galveston, Texas, and did his first fighting in that State, but with the exception of his one fight with Joe Choynski, in which he was knocked out, his fights in Texas amounted to nothing, and he had to come to California before he was heard of in the sporting world.

His fight with Choynski was mentioned in the papers outside of Texas only because of the fact that both were arrested and placd in jail.

Jess Willard is one of two champions who cannot properly be called a Californian, the other being the present title holder, Gene Tunney.

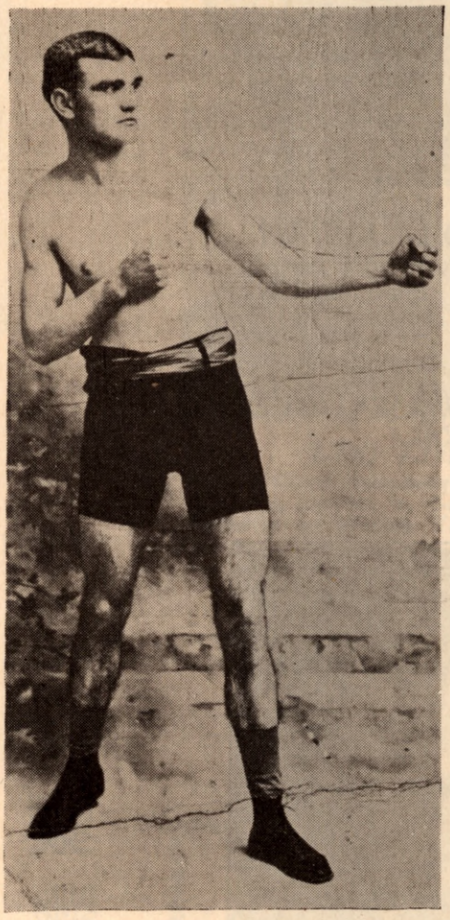
Willard is a Kansan, and practically all of his early fighting was done in the Middle West and in the East, but he had some fights in California before he became champion, and there's no disputing the fact that when Jack Curley and others wanted a man to fight Jack Johnson they had to come all the way to California to get him.

That man was Willard, who, at that time, was making his home in Los Angeles.

DEMPSEY is a loyal Californian by adoption. He started fighting in the Middle West, as we all know, but he was just a green fellow when he came to California, a boy, and it was in San Francisco while boxing as a four rounder, that he met Jack Kearns, who started him on his way to the heavyweight championship.

It's a peculiar thing, but nevertheless true, that we in California can take a boy that amounts to nothing in other localities and make him a top notcher if he has the stuff.

Take Battling Nelson as an example. He amounted to nothing in the East. Nobody had ever heard of the Battler until he fought Spider Welch, a Californian, at Salt Lake. Then he came on to California and became the lightweight champion.



Spider Kelly, one of the world's greatest trainers

Stanley Ketchel was still another. Stanley was fighting in and around Butte for a long time before he came to California. He wasn't considered good enough for a two-line dispatch when he won a fight.

Then he came to California, and in just one fight, the one with Joe Thomas at Marysville, he was made.

YES, I know, occasionally there's a good champion developed in the East, as, for example, Benny Leonard and Gene Tunney.

But who can say that if Benny had made his start in California, where the climate is so good, the air so pure, and where he could get all the best fruits and vegetables to eat, he wouldn't be two times as good a fighter as he is and he certainly was one of our greatest fighters.

I remember a remark made by the late Joe Gans at Billy Shannon's. It was right after Joe had acknowledged that many of his fights had been fakes, that he hadn't done his best, and had announced his intention of ever after fighting "on the square."

He was sitting on the hill out in front of Shannon's quarters. It was one of those clear, blue days, when the sun was shining brightly, and Joe was evidently inspired.

"I don't see," he said half to himself, but loud enough for those with him to hear, "how a man can do wrong in a country like this. A man who won't do his best with everything around him so beautiful must be a very poor sport."

CALIFORNIA for many years boasted being the home of ring champions.

Corbett was one of the first of California's sons to win a championship in the ring. "Gentleman Jim" the most skilful boxer that ever drew on a glove, won the heavyweight championship from the decaying John L. Sullivan in 1892.

Seven years elapsed before the Golden State developed its next great ring king —James J. Jeffries, probably the most formidable heavyweight that ever faced a foe between ropes. Jeffries took the measure of the redoubtable Bob Fitzsimmons at Coney Island—"Ruby Robert," who had dethroned California's idol —Corbett. Although Jeffries won his title within the confines of the Empire State, all that he learned of his grim art was picked up in California rings.

AFTER Jeffries followed Frankie Neil, Abe Attell and Willie Ritchie, Neil, who was a vicious two-fisted bantam, won the title from Harry Forbes in

(*Continued on page* 48)

Sponsor Legalized Boxing in Washington

By CAPTAIN HEINIE MILLER, U. S. M. C. R.

GENE TUNNEY, world's heavyweight champion, fired the first gun in the American Legion's campaign for legalized boxing in the District of Columbia at the Belleau Wood Memorial meeting at the National Auditorium.

Tunney was the speaker of the evening and outlined in clear and concise terms the benefits of the boxing game. At the last convention of the District of Columbia Department, American Legion, it was unanimously voted that Congress be requested to grant the American Legion the right to promote ten-round no-decision boxing bouts under the American Legion.

Boxing in Washington is illegal under an antiquated and moth eaten legal code existent prior to the Civil War, which forbids contests between pugilists on the same basis as contests between man and beast, bull fights and other such spectacles.

The resolution by the American Legion in favor of boxing was drafted by Captain Harvey L. Miller and is to be introduced as an act of Congress by Representative Fred A. Britten, member of Congress from Illinois, the gentleman who is generally credited with bringing the Army-Navy football game to Chicago last year.

While previous attempts to legalize boxing in Washington have met with rebuke and failure it is not believed that the American Legion will be thus turned down.

FLOCK OF GOOD BOYS IN ALL CLASSES

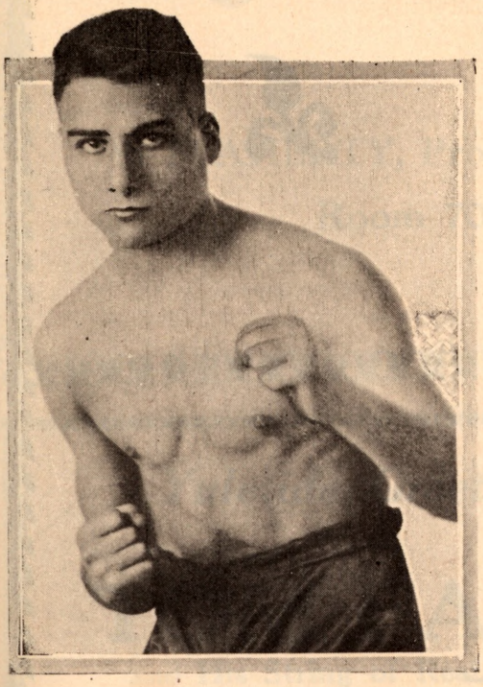
(*Continued from page* 12)

Dempsey-Tunney card at Chicago, is coming East soon. He looks like the goods. We'd like to se him fight La Rocco again. La Rocco is still in the running.

There is a Negro light heavy in Canada who they tell us is some fighter. Larry Gaines is his name. Paul Cavalier is coming along in fine shape. Not overlooking James J. Braddock, the corking Jerseyite. He resumes fighting soon after being on the shelf three months because of a bad hand.

Izzy Grove, former newsboy, is going great guns in the welter class. This kid will be heard from. The Bronx is excited over Lou Moskowitz, who has been beating a lot of feathers in the last few months.

Joey Kaufman made himself after beating Phil McGraw in Jersey. He can be counted in the lightweight elimination stakes. One of the best looking foreigners is Rosy Boutot, a heavyweight, who is under Charley Harvey's management. Boutot enthused the experts by flattening Andre Castano in one round. He is a punching fool.



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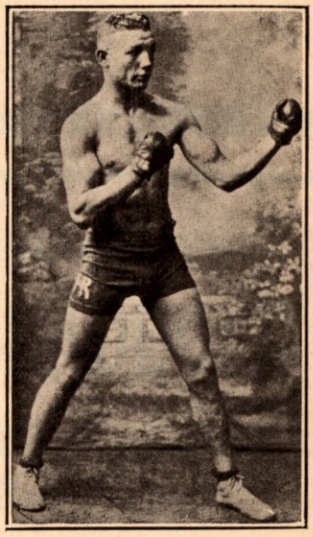

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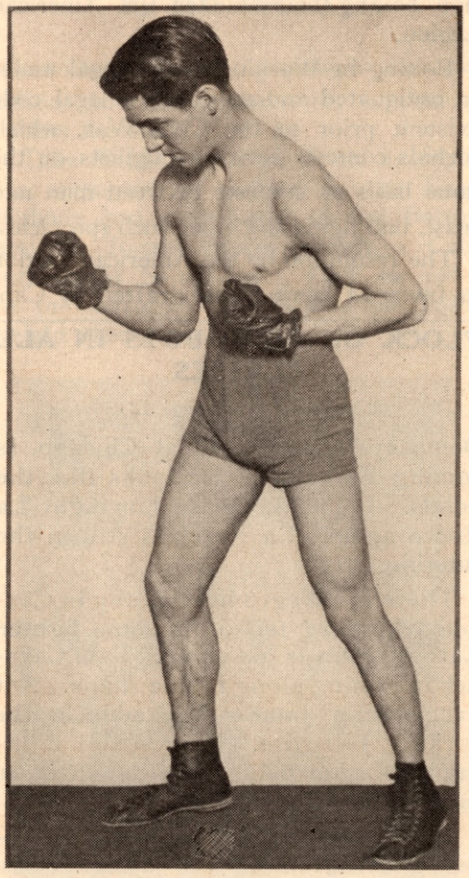

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Pierre Charles, Belgian Heavyweight Champion, Here With Fine Record

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

PIERRE CHARLES, welcome! The heavyweight champion of Belgium arrived in America recently for the purpose of engaging in combat with other foreign importations and American "contenders."

The twenty-four year old Belgian, who stands 6 feet 2½ inches in his stocking feet and scales 203 pounds, is by far the greatest scrapper developed in the land of the popular King Albert.

It remained for Gus Wilson, Jack Dempsey's trainer, to snare the youngster and bring him to Uncle Sam's domain. The aggressive Frenchman who has been in the Jack Dempsey entourage for three years, or ever since the former heavyweight king started a comeback campaign, is sincere in the belief that he has a world titleholder in the making in Charles.

No sooner did the Custom officials pass his baggage than Wilson took Pierre to one of the gyms to have a little exercise. Some of the railbirds marvelled at his physical makeup, and they waxed enthusiastic over his fast footwork and uncanny use of the left hand.

"I TELL you I have a champion of the world," declared Wilson recently. "He's the goods or I wouldn't have gone to great expense to bring him here."

While the weather remains cold, Wilson will have his charge work indoors but next spring he will take him to his wonderful outdoor camp at Orangeburg, N. Y., where Charles will work out with Dempsey..

Because of his great friendship for Gus, Dempsey will do all in his power to help develop Charles into a serious menace for the highest honors in the pugilistic mart.

"Gus knows a good fighter when he sees one," Dempsey explained to us during a fanning bee. "With his clothes on, Charles looks like a big strong fellow. Gus tells me he has plenty of heart and that he can hit well. If he has those qualifications, there is no reason in the world why he shouldn't make the grade."

WILLIAM (Sparrow) Robertson, The Ring's foreign fight expert, gave American fight fans an insight into Charles' ability in his French notes in the December issue of this periodical.

"Charles is the best heavyweight in all Europe, and that includes Phil Scott and the 'Lion of the Pyrenees' Paulino," scribbled Sparrow. "He knocked the former German heavyweight champion Hans Breitenstater, for a goal in seven

Gus Wilson

sessions. Giuseppi Spalla of Italy, he put away in two rounds. Marcel Nilles stayed into the first minute of the second round with him.

"Charles also defeated the Holland champion, Van der Veer, twice, and he went to a draw with Humbeck, the former heavyweight champion of Belgium, who Tommy Burns now has under his wing.

"With a little American experience, this young giant will make it interesting for any of the heavies. Scott and Paulino, if they should be matched against the Belgian, had better be in the best of condition. Charles is able now to defeat either one, I think."

WILSON is authority for the information that Charles has participated in 35 battles and has emerged victorious in 31. He fought three draws and lost one. Corking record if you think much of our opinion.

The man who held him even in 15 rounds was the stout-hearted Franz Diener, of Germany. When he was here last year, Diener made the going very rough for some of our highly touted heavies.

Charles had a bad night when he lost a fifteen rounder to Phil Scott in dear ole Lunnon. As it was he gave a splendid account of himself and many ringsiders thought he deserved a draw. Fight Scott again? "We'll fight him again on a winner-take-all basis," says Wilson.

If Charles should make good, he will take his place alongside many famous cyclists who have made his country famous in the realm of sport. Pete Hobin, a crack welter, and Arthur Wynds, feather, made good in American rings.

In his first year's fighting, Pierre vanquished Marmouget and Nilles at Paris in ten rounds each. He defeated Frank Moody over a like distance in London and then went to Marseilles where he defeated L. Barrick in twelve. Bartozollo, the Italian, came next. The bout was staged at Milano. Charles knocked him kicking in four heats. He went on to Rome where he battered Spalla into submission in two. He flattened old Jack Taylor in three.

His next stop was in Germany. A Berlin he clashed with Hayman thrice. In the first match Charles got a draw but in the next two he won both hands down. To top off his German invasion, Charles knocked out Breitenstater. The German papers the next day hailed their idol's conqueror as "the greatest heavyweight of all time."

WITH all his fighting Charles saw most of the old world. He went to Copenhagen to win three battles via the kayo, his victims including Strand, Petersen and Nilles. He returned home for a spell and at Antwerp Humbeck was pitted against him.

The bout was labelled "heavyweight championship of Belgium." A big crowd turned out to see the question of supremacy settled. For fifteen rounds they smacked one another all over the

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lot, so to speak. At the conclusion of the hectic struggle the referee lifted Charles' arm in token of victory.

The second year was another great one for Charles. He scored five knockouts in a row at the expense of Debest, Stype, Debest, Lyet and Texidor, respectively. At Rotterdam Pierre vanquished Van der Veer on points in twelve rounds. Van der Veer was the champion of Holland.

Last year Charles knocked out one Trooman at Amsterdam in two rounds. Then he went to London where Gypsy Daniels, who fought in this country several years ago under the management of Jimmy Johnston, held him even twice hands running in twenty and fifteen round battles. At Manchester he finished Jack Stanley in seven, Tom Berry as many, Tom Hower, two and Kon Kelly, seven. At Liverpool he grabbed the "duke" meaning the decision over Frank Flower in fifteen.

Not satisfied with his first licking Humbeck cried for a return match. Charles gladly consented and they engaged in a fifteen round draw.

His first bout this year was with Marmouget whom he knocked out in two rounds. He wound up with Scott in London and Diener in Germany.

IF he has any ability Wilson will bring it out of him in short order. Gus knows his cauliflowers from A. to Z. He has had tons of experience both inside and outside the ropes.

When he was knee high to a grasshopper, Gus invaded some of the French amateur tournaments where he made more than good. He began a successful campaign on big time, meaning the professional end of the game, when Francois Descamps, manager of the colorful Georges Carpentier, contracted him as trainer. Right off the reel Gus made the grade. For years he was in Georges corner and attended to his every want.

Strangely, Wilson was in Carpentier's corner the sultry afternoon when Dempsey annihilated Georges. A few years later Gus and Jack were to become fast friends.

During his trip to the other side Dempsey met up with Wilson, and right then and there formed a partnership. "When I return home I will look up things and just as soon as I get an important fight I'll wire you to come on," promised the then heavyweight ruler. True to his word, Dempsey had Gus come here.

WILSON helped condition Jack for his losing stand against Gene Tunney in Philadelphia two years ago. It was no fault of Gus that Dempsey didn't retain his laurels. Through all his trials and tribulations Gus stuck to the "champeen" like a hawk.

To show his appreciation Dempsey paid Wilson off with a healthy check. In addition to conditioning Jack, Wilson looked after the books and saw to it that every item was itemized correctly.

From time to time Gus intends to bring over other likely looking fighters from the other side. He thinks there are any number of good ones over there only it takes time and plenty of money to uncover them.

"If Humbeck wants another fight I'll gladly have my man meet him," said Wilson the other day.

"Charles is the undisputed heavyweight champion of Belgium, Humbeck and some others to the contrary notwithstanding."

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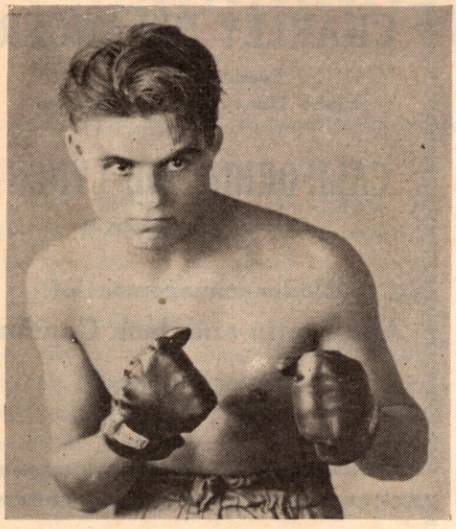

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Contender for Welterweight Title

PAULINO UZCUDUN
Heavyweight Champion of Europe

HILARIO MARTINEZ
Welterweight Champion of Europe

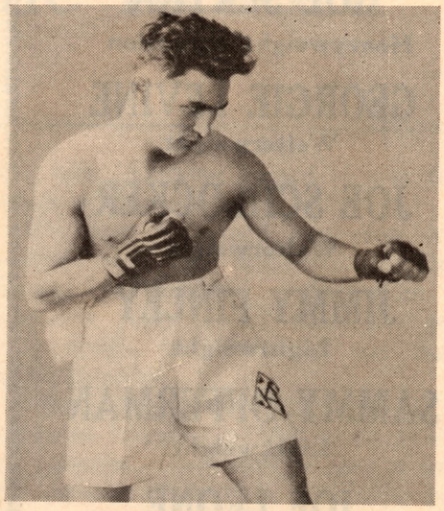
"KID" FRANCIS
Bantamweight Champion of Europe

FELIX SPORTIELLO
Middleweight Champion of Europe

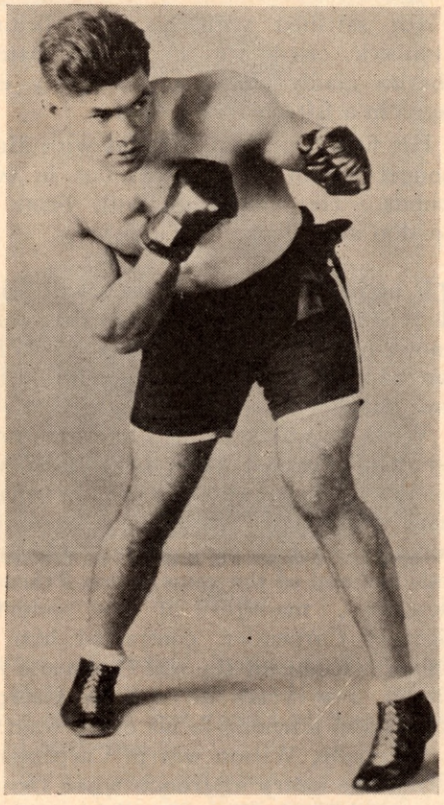
LUIS VICENTINI
Lightweight Champion of South America

PIERRE GANDON
Middleweight Champion of France

CONTENDER FOR WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

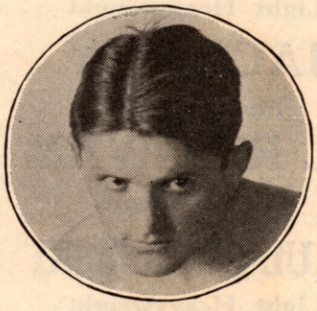


"KID" FRANCIS
Contender for Bantamweight Title



FELIX SPORTIELLO

PAULINO UZCUDUN



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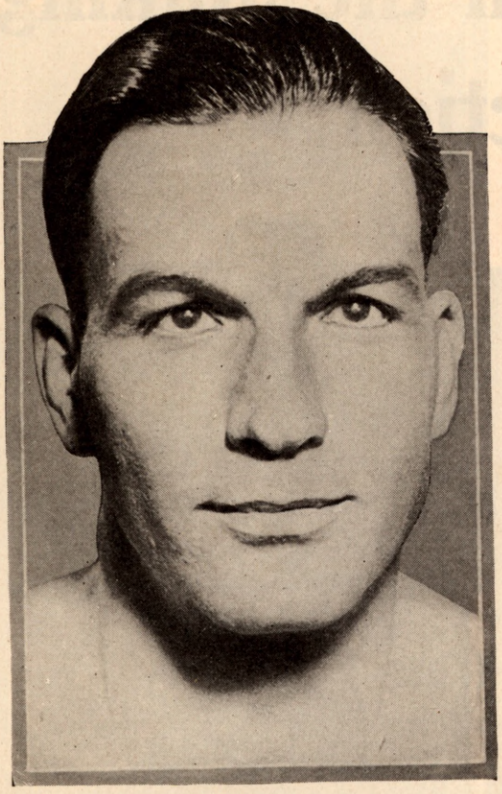

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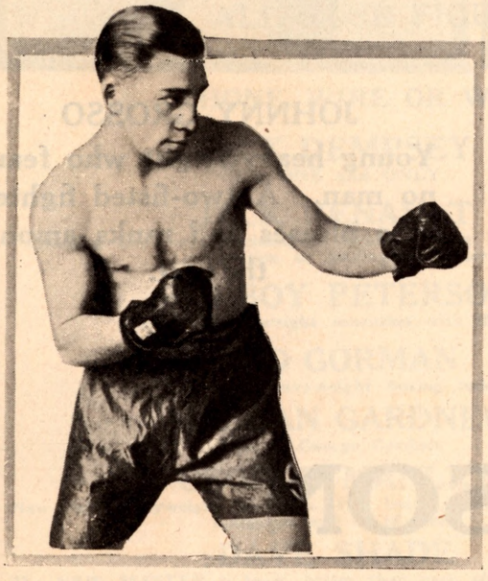

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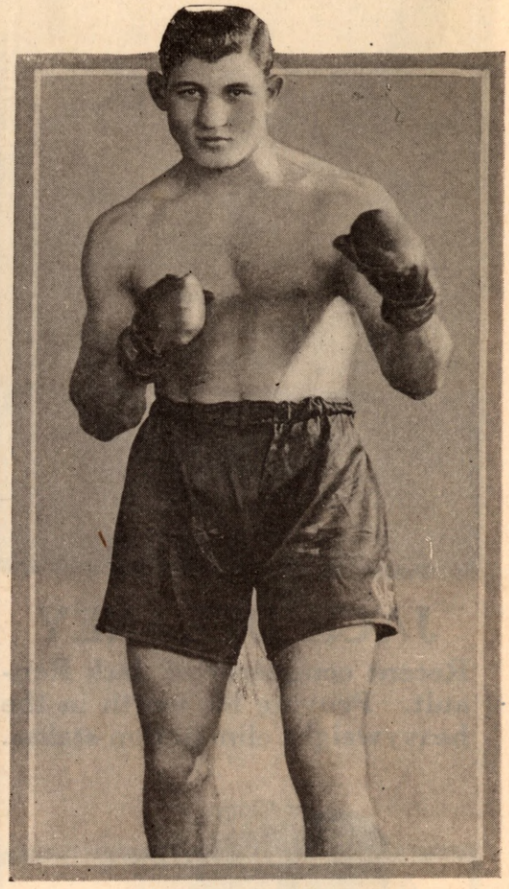

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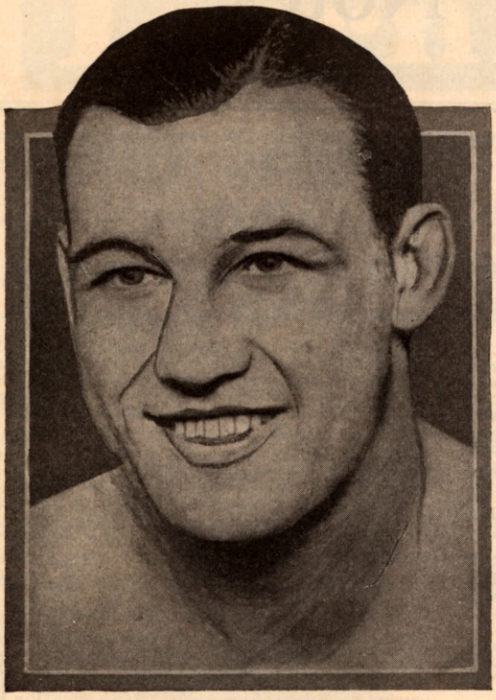

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New York Boxing Notes

By LEFT JAB

Some startling upsets greeted the eyes of local fandom in the last six weeks. They saw Johnny Risko outslug Paulino Uzcudun in ten torrid heats; the rejuvenated Jack Dorval defeat Benny Touchstone; Phil Scott atone for his one round kayo at the hands of Knute Hansen by spilling Monte Munn for the full count with only eight seconds remaining of the tenth and last round, and the humiliation suffered by Jack Humbeeck in his American debut. Arthur De Kuh, giant Italian, gathered in the decision over Tommy Burns' protege.

Perhaps the outstanding bout of the lot was that between Risko and the Basque Woodchopper. The former was on the short end being quoted 2 to 1. Al Mayer, chairman of Paulino's Board of Strategy, predicted Risko's defeat via the kayo route.

The 15,000 odd customers seated in Tex Rickard's fistic emporium, received a few hundred thrills the moment the Cleveland Rubber Man and Paulino swung into action. Risko, instead of employing his well known long left hook, took the play away from the Spaniard by fighting him in close. Paulino was dumfounded by his opponent's tactics and for the life of himself couldn't get started. In the meanwhile Risko was piling up points galore.

Round after round the big boys smashed away at the body and face with all the strength at their command. There was never a letup. Neither refused to take a back step. It was give and take every second they were in there. It was a heavyweight struggle second to none. It will be many a day before we will see another one like it.

The victory automatically placed Risko once more in the heavyweight elimination stakes. Paulino's defeat will not chase him out of the race for the good reason that he was not disgraced. Uzcudun is still a serious menace. Paulino fought the best fight of his career. He was forced to go at full speed to avoid being rocked into the arms of Morpheus.

Touchstone was quoted as high as 1 to 4 to beat Dorval. The Florida youth was no match for Harry Lenny's protege. Dorval, on the dope, didn't appear to have a Chinaman's chance. A few days before the fight Lenny whispered into the writer's left ear: "My boy Dorval will beat Touchstone as sure as the sun shines. I have corrected some of his faults and right now he is at the peak of his form."

True to the "master mind's" prediction, Dorval electrified the crowd by outscoring Touchstone in almost every one of the ten hard rounds. He put into play a snappy left hook that had Touchstone completely at sea. He also beat Benny at infighting. Taken all in all, Dorval satisfied his critics that he is to be considered in the heavyweight running. Lenny says Dorval is ready to mingle with any one of the various "contenders."

We're rooting for you, Harry, ole pal.

Perfumery Jack Kearns used to manage Dorval but gave him up as a bad proposition. Which proves that Kearns has been a big manager because he always piloted good fighters.

Jimmy Johnston heaved a sight of relief after the Englishman Scott vanquished Munn. Bold Joimes is now pointing the Briton for higher game. Scott fought splendidly against the former Nebraska legislator beating him handily all the way. Wonder if the London sporting critics will lay off Philly now and give him a break? They panned the daylights out of him the day following his defeat by Hansen. Scott should make a small fortune before he goes back home. He is game and can stand up on his feet if he gets by the first round.

Burns pulled a bone matching his Belgian Humbeeck with a fast big man like De Kuh. He should have used better judgment. That is, Humbeeck should have been pitted against a slow moving man like himself—the slugger type. Humbeeck should not be discouraged. He showed plenty of stuff and demonstrated that he is to be reckoned with. As soon as he gets acclimated and gets the right kind of competition he will be heard from. Because he once held the heavyweight title, Burns got himself and his protege a world of publicity but it didn't help the house much to speak of. Which proves that the fans know their cauliflowers.

Ted Sandwina, German-Jew heavyweight, who recently arrived in New York, appears to have the stuff judging him by his gym performances. He is the son of Rose Sandwina, acknowledged to be the strongest woman in the world.

Sandwina comes here highly recommended by English fight experts. Trevor Wignall, one of the best known critics in Great Britain, saw Ted fight Con O'Kelly several months ago. He writes entertainingly: "After watching the contest very closely, we were of the opinion that Sandwina won. Not by a big margin, but he won.

"Sandwina, in our opinion, won because he was the better general. He hit more cleanly, and he hit more often. Sandwina is still in the making, but we have not seen a heavyweight for ages who holds out more promise than this youngster of becoming a world's champion. Yes, we are of the opinion he is.

"Considering this was only his ninth fight, seven of which he won by knockouts, and one in Germany, he has made wonderful strides. When we first saw him he was one of the gamest novices that entered a ring, but he evidently has the brains and the temperament for boxing, for the display he put up against O'Kelly was really fine."

After the holidays Armand Emanuel, Pacific Coast light heavyweight, who made a big hit by licking George La Rocco on the Dempsey-Tunney card at Chicago, will come to New York. He is a sweet looking prospect. Emanuel is not only clever but he can hit hard with either hand. He floored La Rocco early in the fray. He needs only a little seasoning to get in the big money. If he comes through he will be the first Jewish big fellow to make good since the halcyon days of Joe Choynski. A fortune stares him in the face.

Happy Howard, former sparring partner for Gene Tunney, is managing a good little scrapper in Clyde Jones, of Atlanta, Ga. Howard boxed the late Harry Greb twice.

Joey Goodman, Richmond, Va., feather, who boxed around here several months ago, turned in two victories in his home town. He will return to New York shortly.

Because of the bike race there was no boxing in the Garden for ten days. Tommy Loughran defends his title against Jimmy Slattery on December 12.

While this edition is being rushed to press, matchmaker Jess McMahon is trying to arrange a return scrap between Jimmy McLarnin and Billy Wallace. The last time they fought in Detroit the former received the decision. They were originally programmed to show in the Garden but the matter of a pound or two couldn't get them together.

Two great matches will be staged by Tex Rickard this month. On January 6 Loughran will defend his title again, this time against Leo Lomski, larruping Aberdeen scrapper. Nine nights later Tom Heeney and Jack Sharkey will clash. Both will be sellouts.

Harry Christie, the big Money Man from Greenwich Village, cleaned up a small fortune the other night when his protege Jimmy McNamara trimmed Billy McMahon. The bout was held at the St. Nicholas Club. More than $2,500 worth of tickets were sold by both boys. The betting was 1 to 2. Christie wagered a few hundred. It is more than likely they will be rematched.

Henry Zaroff, former East Side newsboy, will make his professional debut shortly. He is under the management of Joe Brown. In the amateur ranks he turned in many victories.

James J. Braddock, Jersey light heavyweight champion, has returned to the wars. The titular aspirant was laid up on the shelf several weeks because of a broken hand.

Joe Rocco, crack Harlem feather, who recently defeated Jimmy Kelly for the National Guard title, will show in the Garden shortly, according to matchmaker Jess McMahon.

Charley Harvey owns a corking heavyweight prospect in Rosy Boutot, who hails from the west side. He has a large following. His one round kayo over Andre Castano will long live in the memories of those who were in attendance. Boutot knocked his man down several times before the referee counted Castano out.

Talking about referees, reminds us that Lou Magnolia is in a class by himself. He has handled several stiff assignments magnificently, and for future big fights you will see him in the center of the ring. He plays no favorites. In tight situations he handles himself a la Charlie White, Jack Welch, George Siler and Eddie Graney.

Bernard Mortimer, the British Tex Rickard, came a long way to see a fight and when he landed here he found that the bout was called off. Mortimer is the Tex Rickard of England and is the man who gave Tom Heeney his first chance in England. Bernard's brother is the manager of the New Zealander and so eager was Bernard to see how far Heeney had progressed that he came here from London to watch Tom in action against Jack Sharkey, only to find the match called off. Mr. Mortimer enjoyed the Risko-Paulino scrap.

The East Side of New York has another lightweight boxer who threatens to upset calculations among the so-called contenders. His name is Izzy Grove. Izzy, handled by the man who once piloted Frankie Genaro, recently defeated Jimmy Goodrich, former lightweight champion, and has been traveling like a house afire. A few nights ago he gave another fine exhibition when he whipped Patsy Barbara. Watch this boy Izzy. He's a comer.

Walk Miller did not return to his desk until almost two weeks after Tiger Flowers' funeral down Atlanta way. Tne mite manager of the popular Negro was in a state of collapse. It will be some time before Walk gets back to real self. The Tiger's death hurt him as much as if a member of his family had passed away. Flowers and Miller were inseparable pals. While he was away the debonair Jay Thomas looked after things in the West 42nd Street office.

Mike Valentine is sincere in the belief that Carl Duane has not seen his best fighting days. The Bronx Steam Roller has had a new lease on life since he returned to the old fold. In his last few starts Carl has done exceptionally well. The time is not far distant when Duane will earn a junior lightweight shot.

About time they showed Lope Tenorio, Filipino lightweight, around these parts. Ike Dorgan's entry looks like a sweet candidate for titular honors. Since Sammy Green brought him to America from Australia, Lope has turned in some nifty performances. He held Jimmy McLarnin almost even, beat Russell Whalen, Dick Hoppe and Billy Adams and recently fought Stanislaus Loyaza in Cleveland. Big-hearted Dorgan is "willing" to give Sammy Mandell $50,000 to stake his all against Tenorio.

Frankie Houlihan, west side featherweight, has found himself again. In his last two starts he whipped Nick Esposito and Joe Curry.

Because of a small "nut," meaning overhead expenses, the Olympia A. A. in Harlem is making plenty of money. Al Weill is going great guns as matchmaker.

Georgie Balduc is back from New England where he won a couple of fights. The Brooklyn junior lightweight, who is under the management of Lew Niederreiter, is ready to tackle Tod Morgan, Joe Glick or Sammy Dorfman.

Leo Lomski, the Aberdeen Assassin, is getting a few good workouts under his belt before taking a belt at the light heavyweight championship. In

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After the fight, I walked over to McClain and asked him what he had been doing to improve so much and he looked in his pocket and pulled a certificate from the Jimmy DeForest Boxing School.

Yours truly,

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Philadelphia recently he used Tony Marullo for a punching bag.

On the night Phil Scott staged a comeback at the expense of Monte Munn, we got an eyeful of Morgan Gardner, of Chicago, son of the former light heavyweight champion, George Gardner, who lowered his colors to Bob Fitzsimmons. Young Gardner made short work of Johnny Casanavo, who was counted out two minutes and twenty seconds after the gong sent them on their way. Gardner scaled 179, four pounds heavier than his illustrious dad used to weigh when he was in his prime. The young man looks like a comer but we want to see him in stiffer competition before passing expert judgment on him.

Tex O'Rourke still has faith in Johnny Urban, Pittsburgh heavy. He was going great guns until he ran afoul of Benny Touchstone. Urban came back with colors flying recently by trouncing Alex Sclair.

Pete the Goat complains he can't get work for Phil (K. O.) Kaplan. In his first fight under the Goat's banner Philip defeated Harry Ebbets.

Eddie Walker has moved his belongings from Eighth Avenue to Broadway. "Dumb" Edward has another home out Long Island way.

Charley Cook has finally dug up a good fighter in Joe Sekyra, Dayton heavyweight. He got a draw with Jimmy Byrne in his first Garden appearance. He deserved to win. However, Jess McMahon should lose no time giving him another shot. Sekyra is facing a busy campaign, including bouts at Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago.

As a featherweight Dominick Petrone, the temperamental Harlem Italian, is doing very nicely. In has last few starts he whipped Johnny Green, Eddie Anderson and Vic Burrone.

Jack Dempsey and Jack Kearns are spending the holidays in California. Thank heavens for that. They'll return after the new year to start wrangling in the courts again. When Walla Walla Kearns bid his New York friends a fond farewell he let it be known that Mickey Walker will never fight for Tex Rickard (Rickard will not shed any tears) and that Mickey will not lace the gloves on again until late in January.

Lew Bursten appears to have a big money getter in Pete Sanstol, Norwegian flyweight. The young Norwegian is going very big in these parts. In his last start he knocked out Terry Roth, previous to which he licked Benny Tell and Joey Ferrentino.

Bernard Mortimer, English sportsman and brother of John Mortimer, manager of Tom Heeney, is here to see Heeney battle Boston Jack Sharkey.

Greenwich Village is hailing a new heavyweight star in Lou Barba. He held Roberto Roberti to a draw and then went on to beat Gus Berger and Buddy Jackson.

Tony Canzoneri established himself as the uncrowned featherweight champion by whipping Ignacio Fernandez in a hot ten round struggle. In defeat, however, Fernandez made many friends. The little Filipino is sure a tough nut to crack. He was coming like a house on fire in the last two heats. Frank Churchill dropped him in at the last minute when Bud Taylor reported a broken hand. At infighting Fernandez excelled Canzoneri. Ignacio is not a second Pancho Villa by any wide stretch of the imagination but he is not to be treated lightly in the featherweight stakes. He carries dynamite in the right hand. Only Canzoneri's ring strategy saved him from getting floored.

Talking about upsets, that was a peach the night Kid Francis, Italian bantam champ, received the "duke" over Archie Bell. We couldn't believe our eyes as the olive-skinned Francis fought Archie toe to toe. Bell appeared to be sluggish. He surely wasn't the fighter that licked Vic Burrone. Fernandez, Johnny Vacca, Dominick Petrone and a few others.

Bell was 6 to 1 favorite. A return match between this pair would pack 'em in. Al Mayer, who manages Francis, took 2 to 1 from Ike Dorgan for a "century." We are not in the habit of telling matchmakers what to do but Jess McMahon should have no hesitancy throwing them in again.

Three championship bouts were decided during the week of December 12 in the Garden. Tommy Loughran staked his all against Jimmy Slattery for the light heavyweight title on the twelfth and four nights later Tod Morgan defended his junior lightweight laurels against Joe Glick for the second time, preceded by a flyweight titular duel between Newsboy Brown and Corporal Izzy Schwartz.

Eddie (Kid) Wagner, of Philadelphia, clever and hard hitting lightweight, is showing rare form in his recent battles. In November he turned in five winning bouts, three of them in ten days. In two Wagner won over rugged colored lads. He craves a meeting with Bruce Flowers.

Jack McVey is rapidly coming into his own. During the summer McVey, who can make the welterweight limit, but likes best to fight weighing about 150 pounds, defeated Bob Sage, of Detroit; Pete Latzo, former welterweight champion; Dave Shade, Leo P. Flynn's only star and Joe Simonich, of Butte. In each bout McVey spotted his opponents plenty of weight, but proved himself the better man. He was unfortunate in being discriminated against in the bouts with Sage, Latzo and Shade, the bouts being declared drawn contests, but the sports writers were unanimous in giving him a clean cut win in each battle. Now efforts are being made to induce Georgie Courtney to meet McVey.

Frankie Genaro, former flyweight champion, is back in his old time form. Genaro has been the victim of two home town decisions recently, but that has nothing to do with the ring form he is showing since placing himself under the management of "Lulu Belle" Joe Jacobs. In Toronto when Genaro met "Frenchy" Belanger, a record house turned out, close to $20,000 being taken. They are to meet again by order of the Toronto Boxing Commission.

Solly Seaman, clever lightweight, was the victim of a practical joker recently, while attending a party given by supposed friends. Seaman, who does not indulge to excess in strong liquid refreshments, seemed to incur the ill will of the one who likes to play jokes. A sleeping potion was slipped into a cup of tea Seaman was drinking. Drowsiness, then a dead sleep took hold of Seaman. While in the stupor the "funny" fellow shaved off the top of Seaman's head.

While it was a low down bit of work, and this is granted, it is but necessary for Seaman to take off his hat to throw all present into near convulsions. One thing about it is that right now Seaman knows how he will look when he passes the sixtieth milestone in life's journey to the lightweight championship. If he is around, get a peep at him. He's a scream!! Then have him tell you about it. That's a wow!!!

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By THERON FISK

LOOKS like the California fighters are out to corner the select car market. Jack Dempsey stops at no less than a Rolls-Royce, Lincoln and Cadillac. Ace Hudkins rides in a special built Lincoln that Henry Ford would be proud to call his own. Fidel La Barba tours around in a Packard roadster. Mushy Callahan also boasts a Packard roadster. Bert Colima, the marvel of the age, has been boxing long enough to afford a Stutz. Eddie Huffman is also content with a Stutz. Jackie Fields finds a La Salle very comfortable. Modesty dictates a Buick sedan for Sammy and Jimmy McLarin. Tommy O'Brien a Chandler. Jimmy Duffy a Lincoln. Dick Hoppe a Cadillac. Baby Joe Gans ties up traffic on Central Avenue with a Buick. And of course the Ford is considered quite the ritz by some.

"Doc" Moffett, whose hobby is making matches for the Wilmington Bowl, pulled the unique stunt of sending two brothers against two brothers in a double windup. The curiosity aroused by the trick packed the house which is not at all unusual.

Los Angeles is a good fight town, don't let anyone tell you different. The game is even stronger and better today than ever. It is bigger and better than any man or any group of men.

Shuffles Callahan, a tough guy from the stock yards district of Chicago, and looking like a prize porker, was flattened by the rejuvenated Iron Mike Hector at Hollywood. Callahan showed plenty of the stuff tennis racquets are strung with but his condition was grounds for a stiff suspension.

Rumors that Mushy Callahan is all washed-up seem to be pretty well verified. Jackie Fields completed the evidence by boxing rings around the junior welterweight champion and walking off with an easy ten round decision.

Culver City is off to a new start in the boxing game. The American Legion controls the sport there. Emmett Ledwith is the matchmaker. The appointment of Ledwith is assurance that the game will be conducted on the highest possible level.

Tom Corbett, San Francisco middleweight, is one sweet looking baby. Tom has class and a punch and can take a punch. In his first start in Los Angeles Corbett won eight out of ten rounds from Ernie Owens only to get a draw.

The remains of Spider Kelly are at rest in Holy Cross Cemetery, San Francisco, the city he loved and the city that loved him. Kelly had a most interesting personality and to intimates was a wise and ingenious friend.

San Francisco's new million dollar Dreamland arena will be ready soon after the holidays. One of the many innovations will be the ring constructed on hydraulic hoists. Seating plans call for 11,000 upholstered opera chairs.

A mammoth benefit show was staged by Morrie Cohen at his Pasadena Arena to aid Joe Bailey, Pasadena boxer, who was shot while hunting and whose arm is so badly shattered that he can never fight again. Ace Hudkins and Jackie Fields appeared in an exhibition against their sparring partners in addition to the regular boxing show.

Ernie Owens gave the young and ambitious Oscar Baker a set-back at the Culver City arena, when he knocked the Battler out in four rounds. Baker was down four times before a right to the chin deposited him for keeps.

Bobby La Salle, a promising looking welter, stopped Paul De Hate in five rounds, at the Wilmington Bowl. De Hate substituted for Johnny Adams who pleaded bad hands.

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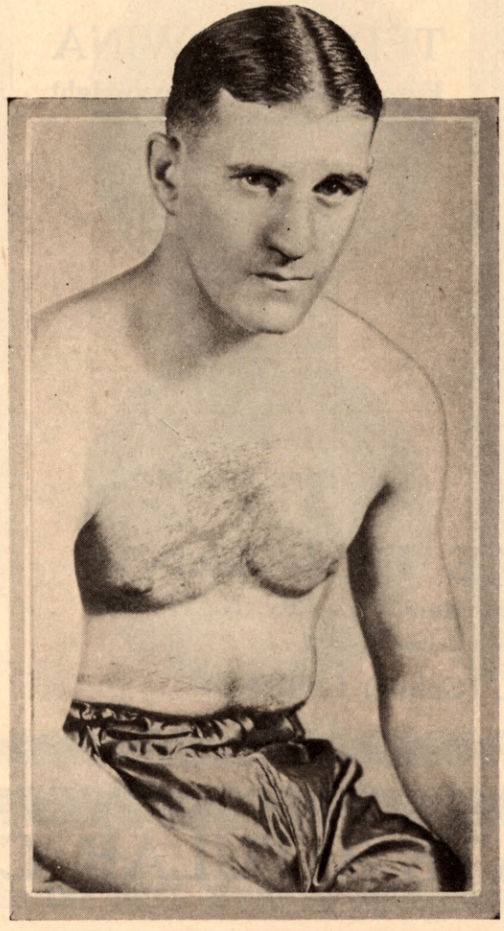

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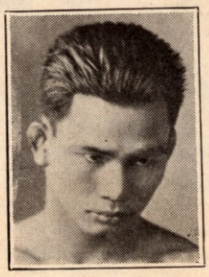

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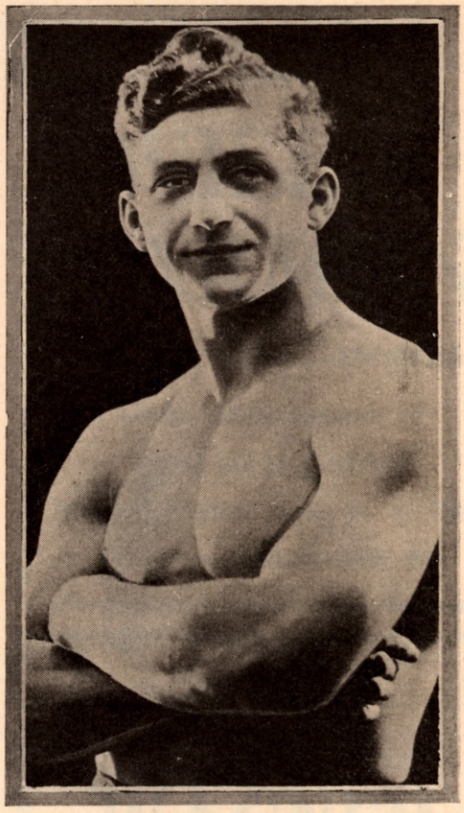

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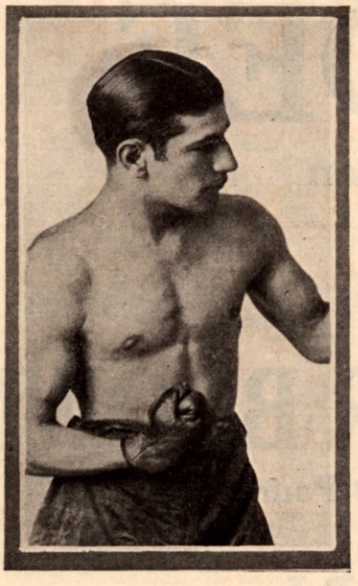

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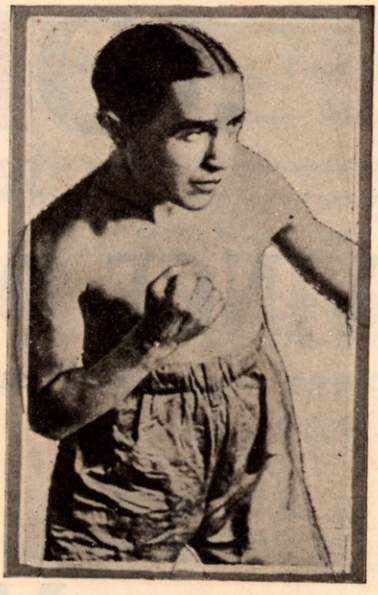

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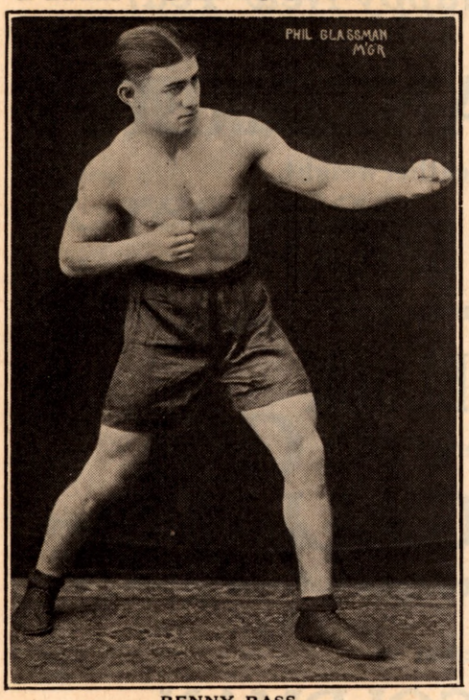

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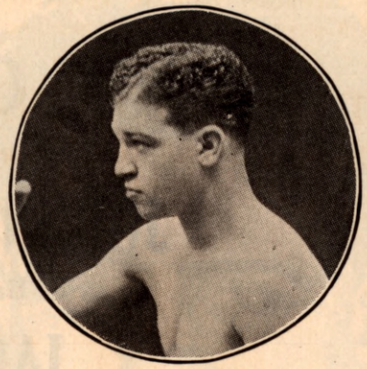

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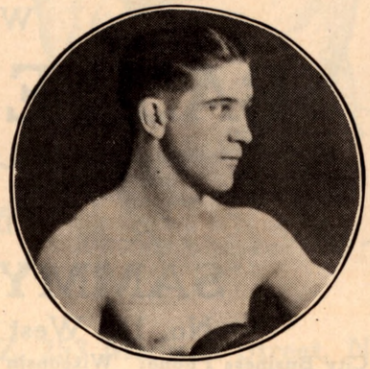

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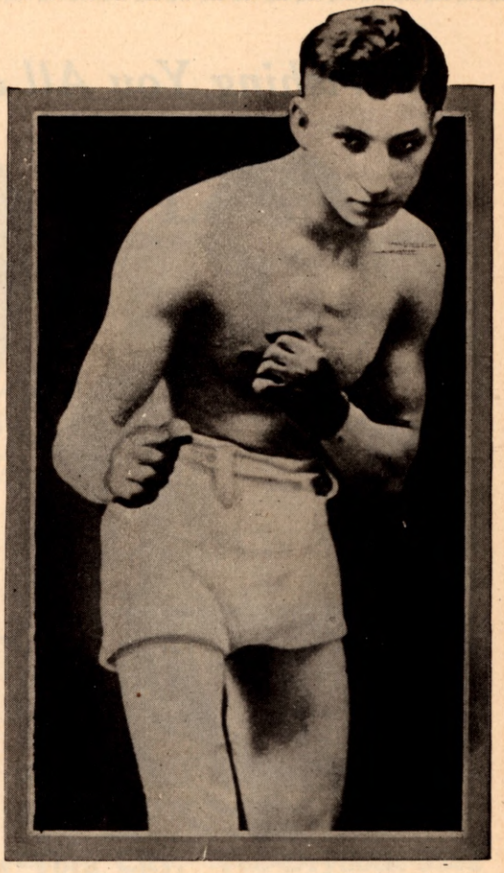

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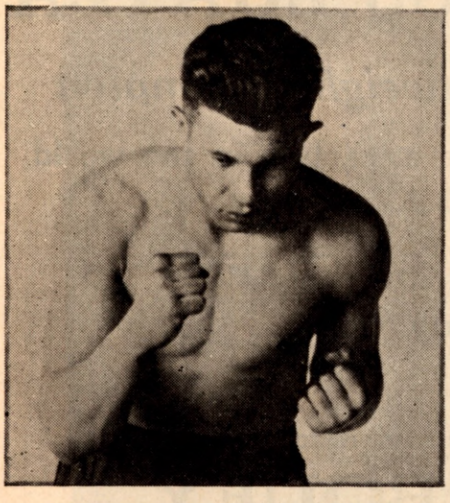

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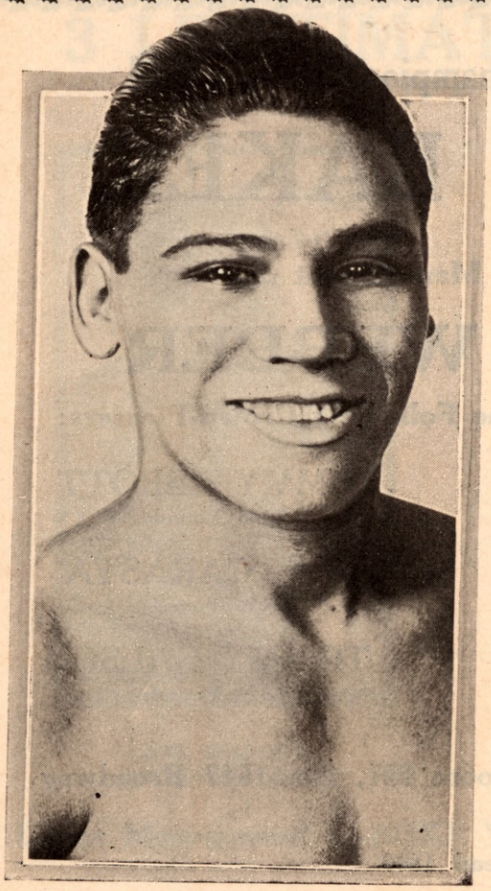

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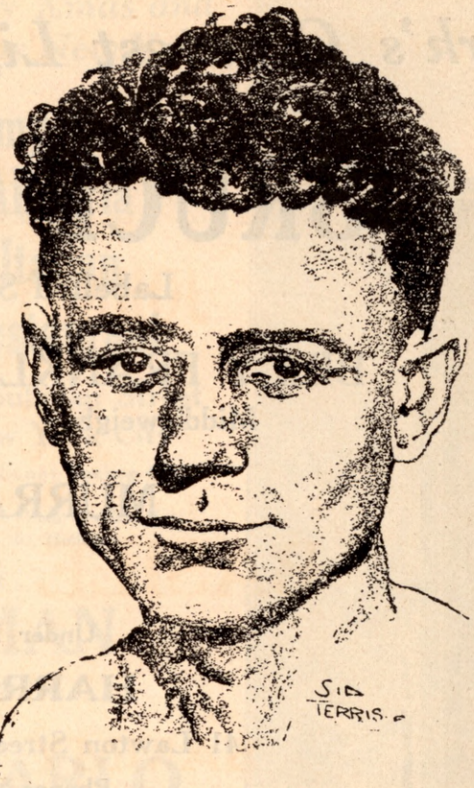

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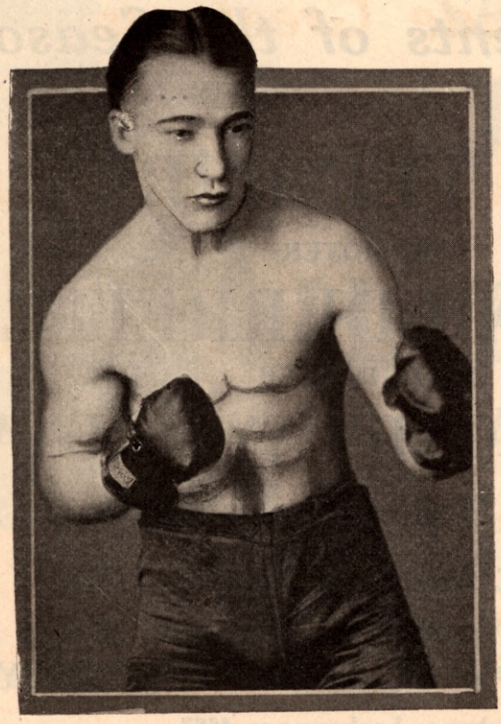

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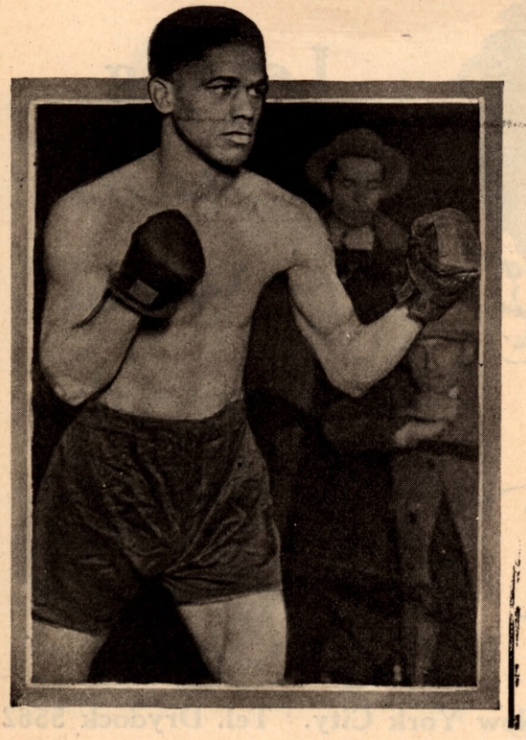

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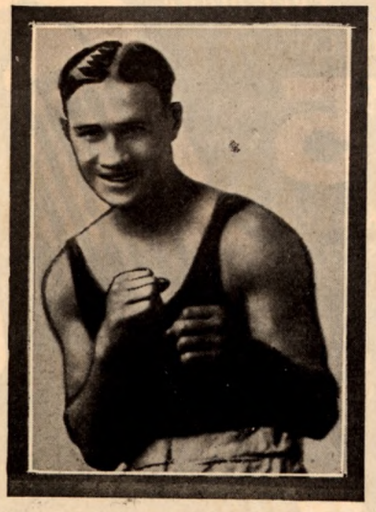

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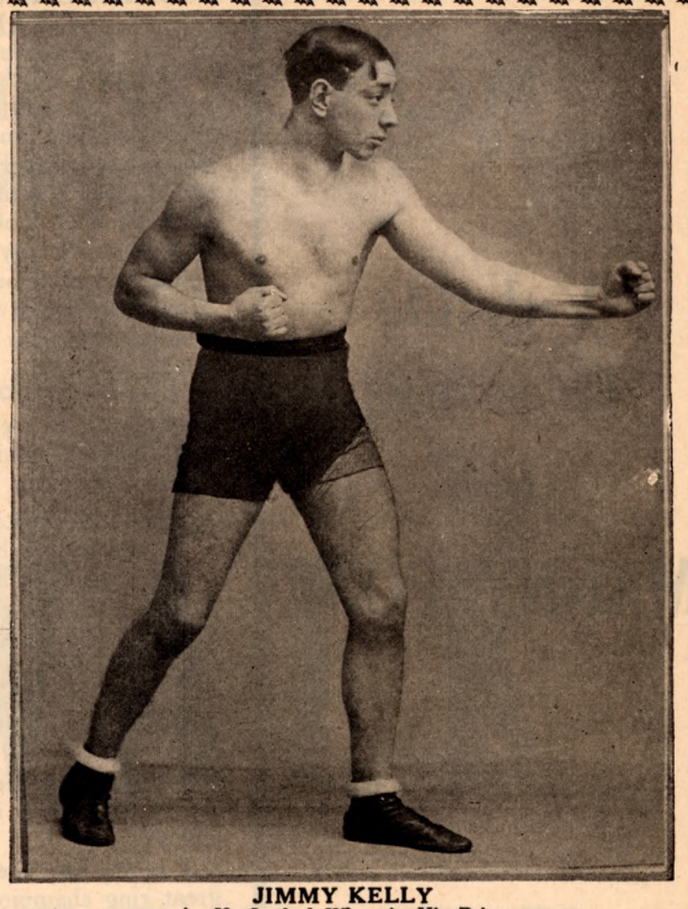
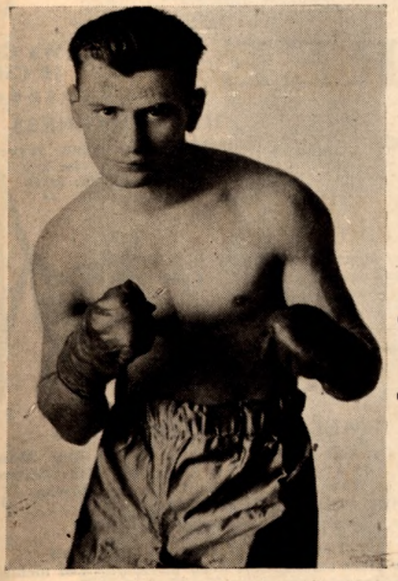


JIMMY KELLY
As He Looked When in His Prime



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Yuletide Greetings

from

MANNY POST

CALIFORNIA HOME OF CHAMPIONS

(*Continued from page 28*)

1903. Neil knocked out Forbes in two rounds. Abe Attell happened along at about the same time. As a featherweight he knocked out Harry Forbes in 1904 and claimed the title. However, he was not destined to hold it long at that time. Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan, a corking fighter, knocked out Abe in five rounds. Attell, later one of the greatest of featherweights, was foi years retrieving his laurels.

However, in 1908 Attell managed to get Sullivan in the ring again—this time in California—and he knocked out his former conqueror in four rounds.

NEVERTHELESS, California soon replenished her loss by producing a lightweight champion. He was Willie Ritchie and a mighty fighter was he at his best. Ritchie took the measure of the tigerish Ad Wolgast in sixteen rounds—Wolgast, who had thrashed the great Battling Nelson in one of the Coast's most memorable combats — memorable for the brutality and sickening amount of injury which was inflicted by both principals.

Ritchie was the last of California's great ring champions. But the list does not begin to describe adequately the wealth of great ring material which California yielded in almost monthly harvests. California's number of great near-champions would fill a book—Eddie Hanlon, Joe Rivers, Eddie Campi, Jimmy Britt, Frankie Burns, Billy Decoursey, Harry Baker, Aurelio Herrera, Joe Thomas, Al Kaufman, Bob McAllister—these are only a few that flash to mind.

And let us not forget that California also produced most of the World's greatest trainers and seconds. The recent death of Spider Kelly, May He Rest in Peace, recalls the halycon days when trainers were real trainers. Spider Kelly and myself were pals in more than one way, and as my good friend TAD says, "There never will be another second like Spider Kelly."

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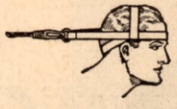

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Notice to Our Readers

Owing to lack of space in this special issue, the usual notes from many sections have been eliminated. These will be resumed in our next issue.

The Tex Rickard Annual Selection Number

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR GREETINGS

FROM

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Who Did Most For Boxing in 1927?

The Ring Offers Medal to Boxer Chosen by Selection Board—Also One for Runner-Up

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

WHICH boxer has made the greatest contributions to the sport in this country in 1927, from the mental and moral and civic as well as the purely technical fistic angle?

In other words, who is the most valuable boxer for the year 1927? Who is foremost as an example to the growing American Boy?

It is the purpose of The Ring, through the kind and able cooperation of the leading authorities in this country, to determine who that man was.

And when he is selected by the representative committee, it is the purpose of The Ring to award to him a medal. This award of The Ring Medal will be an annual affair. It already has the whole hearted backing and active support of the New York State Athletic Commission.

It already has the strength of James A. Farley, William Muldoon and George Brower behind it. And with that support has come the aid of practically every boxing commission in this country as well as Thomas Donohue of the National Boxing Association.

In baseball, the major leagues each year give prizes to the most valuable players. But these awards are made solely on the basis of baseball achievement.

The Ring, with the help of its great Board of Selection, is going farther. It is not enough to judge this competition by accomplishment in the roped arena.

The big purpose of the award is to accentuate the fact that the major phases of boxing have come to take in reactions on the public mind which have to do with personal conduct, with moral and civic obligations, with duties as a man.

* * *

THIS may sound like a startling and revolutionary movement but boxing in the United States has taken a decided turn in that direction. Our leading boxers have come to appreciate their places in the public eye and to realize that he who is before the public constantly must watch his step and do nothing which any other citizen in good standing in his community would shrink from doing.

The Ring wishes to emphasize the fact that it is not launching out on an uplift movement.

Boxing does not need any reforming or uplifting. It is inherently fine and strong. That is proved by the fact that it has gone on through the centuries, growing and growing, achieving the spectacles of the two Dempsey-Tunney encounters.

There are men on the fringes of boxing as there are men on the fringes of every other human endeavor, who want to drag the sport down for their own gain. These are being driven out largely through the commission form of boxing government.

No, this is not an uplift campaign. If it were The Ring most emphatically could not get the cooperation of men like Mr. Muldoon or Jim Corbett. They know boxing and they know its strength.

But there is no gainsaying the fact that within the last few years, again with the help of our commissions and the rise of a new type of boxer in America, the sport has taken on a more splendid tone than ever before.

* * *

ONCE more we want to accentuate a factor which enters into the question. This is not an effort to send boxing shooting toward imaginary Himalyan peaks of high-browism. This is not a movement to pander to those who would make every boxer a Cashel Byron and every disciple of the sport a cute little Rollo.

The Ring medal will bring into the limelight with stronger force the boxer who was:

1.—Foremost in his contribution to the skill and science of the sport; perhaps not essentially a champion.

2.—Foremost in combining with his fine position in the ring itself a high place as a sportsman.

3.—Foremost in maintaining splendid public relations and beating down the constant effort to discredit boxers as citizens.

4.—Foremost in associating with boxing skill and good public reactions a reputation for clean and moral living.

5.—Salient as an example to the growing American Boy.

This competition dovetails with the Ring's annual Ranking of Boxers by "Tex" Rickard, which will appear in the next issue of this magazine.

Boxing was without this splendid aid to recognition, the counterpart of which had done so much for football, baseball and other sports, until the publisher of this magazine originated the ranking with the able assistance of Rickard.

Mayor James J. Walker, Father of the New York State boxing law, has accepted membership on the selection committee. In writing to the Publisher of The Ring, Our Own Jimmy, the greatest boxing enthusiast in the Empire State, says:

"I am pleased to accede to your request to be named on the Board of Selection established by The Ring to award a medal each year to the boxer who has made the outstanding contribution to the sport."

With Mayor Walker as Honorary Chairman, the other members of the Board of Selection are:

Nat Fleischer, Hype Igoe, Daniel M. Daniel, Francis Albertanti, Charles F. Mathison and Ike Dorgan, all staff members of The Ring; Eugene Buckley, Chairman of the Massachusetts Boxing Board; Frank Wiener, Chairman of the Pennsylvania Board; Tom E. Donahue, President of the National Boxing Association; Seth Strellinger, Chairman of the California Commission; James J. Corbett, Tad Dorgan, famous fight critic of the New York Evening Journal; Wilbur Wood, President of the New York Boxing Writers' Association; Joe Humphries, famous announcer; Lou Magnolia, New York Referee; Frank Getty, Sports Editor of the United Press; F. Gould, Sports Editor of the Associated Press and the New York Commission, James J. Farley, George E. Brower and William Muldoon. Mr. Muldoon will act as chairman of the Selection Board.

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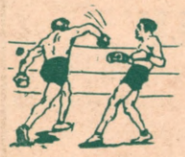

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